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*The Children's Own Magazine*

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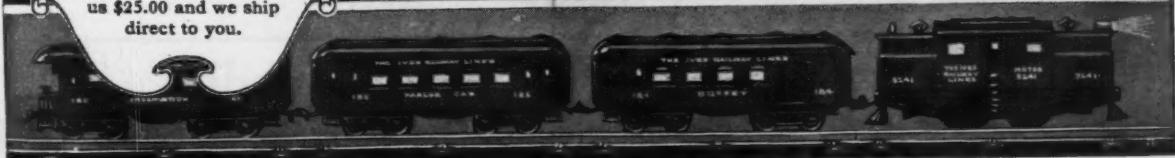
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THE train illustrated below consists of a locomotive, Buffet-Car, Parlor-Car and Observation-Car; and 8 pieces of curved and 4 pieces of straight track, (2 Gauge, 2 1/4" from center to center) one terminal section, control switch and connecting wire.

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"Knowledge is  
of two kinds.  
We know  
a subject  
ourselves, or  
we know where  
we can find  
information  
upon it."

Samuel  
Johnson

## Growing Up Together

**N**O BOOK is good enough for a child which a grown-up person cannot fully enjoy," says G. Stanley Hall, famous educator and writer. It is this quality of appealing to old and young alike which makes Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia such an ideal bond of comradeship between parents and children.

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System, 1921-22; Chairman of  
the Board, Central Trust Company of Illinois

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**Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia**  
*For Every Member of the Family*



# CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume II

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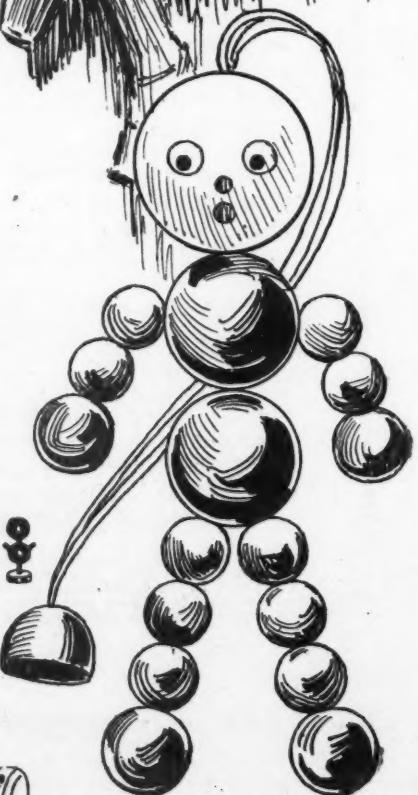
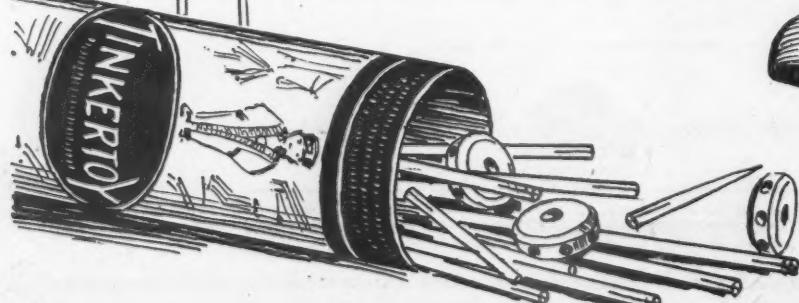
## Indoor Tinkertoys

NOVEMBER—the month of blustering winds, grey skies and cold bare trees! Indoors—a cheery room and TINKERTOYS—now Jane will be happy all the livelong day.

Tom, the Baby's toy, Tinkerbeads for stringing and counting, Tinkertoy, the Wonder Builder, Belle, Tilly, Turtle and many others are favorite playmates of children the world over.

Please send us your name and address so that we may give you one of our little folders, "Tom Tinker and his Tinker Toys." We know you will enjoy it.

**THE TOY TINKERS**  
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS





## OUR FALL-TIME TRIP

AND now let us fly  
 Through the warm autumn sky,  
 Opal-tinted and jeweled with stars;  
 With falcon-like ease  
 We'll span turquoise seas  
 To music resembling guitars.

How to go we'll be told  
 By a cricket of gold  
 In a quaint singing whisper so clear  
 That we'll sail right along  
 To the lilt of his song  
 Till we come to the moon-towns so queer,

Which the gold Harvest moon  
 With a pitchfork-like spoon  
 Has slipped in a valley up where  
 The corn was shocked high  
 On the moonbeamey sky  
 When Indian summer was there.

Why, these three little towns  
 Are as pranky as clowns;  
 They do the most whimsical things  
 Until it is dawn,  
 Then the Moon-Man will yawn  
 And fold up the songs that he sings.

On his very last note  
 The moonbeams will float  
 And flutter away to the sea,  
 To find his lost dreams  
 On the first morning beams  
 Kissed awake by the moonbeams three.

So let us away  
 Before it is day  
 And many moon mysteries plunder;  
 It's a very rare chance  
 To see chimneys dance,  
 And cellars refuse to be under.

*Rose Glaldo, editor.*





## I THANK THEE

ROSE WALDO

I'M THANKFUL, Lord, as I can be  
That I can sing sweet songs to Thee.  
I thank Thee for Thy loving care  
And for the privilege of prayer.  
I thank Thee, Lord, that I can say  
My thankfulness to Thee each day.  
I thank Thee, Lord, and love Thee, too,  
For helping me with all I do  
At home, and with my work at school.  
I thank Thee for the Golden Rule  
That helps me know the loving way  
To treat my playmates everyday.  
I thank Thee, Lord, that I can know  
Thy love protects me and will show  
How perfect gifts come from above,  
But thank Thee most, dear God, for love.





## THE HAYSTACK CRICKET

AND HOW THINGS ARE DIFFERENT UP IN THE MOON TOWNS

By CARL SANDBURG

Author of

*Rootabaga Stories, Rootabaga Pigeons, Etc.*



**T**HERE is an old man with wrinkles like wrinkled leather on his face living among the cornfields on the rolling prairie near the Shampoo River.

His name is John Jack Johannes Hummadummaduffer. His cronies and the people who know him call him Feed Box.

His daughter is a cornfield girl with hair shining the way cornsilk shines when the corn is ripe in the fall time. The tassels of cornsilk hang down and blow in the wind with a rusty dark gold and they seem to get mixed with her hair. Her name is Eva Evelyn Evangeline Hummadummaduffer. And her chums and the people who know her call her Sky Blue.

The eleventh month, November, comes every year to the corn belt on that rolling prairie. The wagons bring the corn from the fields in the harvest days and the cracks in the corncribs shine with the yellow and gold of the corn.

The harvest moon comes, too. They say it

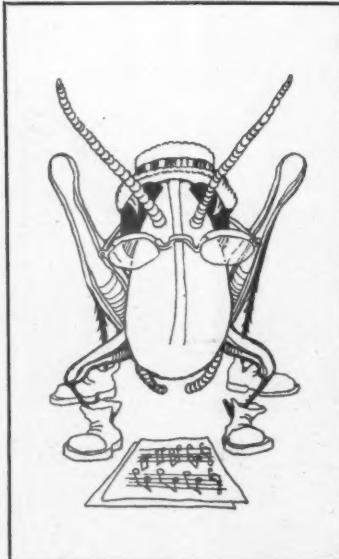
stacks sheaves of November gold moonshine into gold corn shocks on the sky. So they say.

On those mornings in November that time of the year, the old man they call Feed Box sits where the sun shines against the boards of a corncrib.

The girl they call Sky Blue, even though her name is Eva Evelyn Evangeline Hummadummaduffer, she comes along one November morning. Her father is sitting in the sun with his back against a corncrib. And he tells her he always sits there every year listening to the mice in the cornfields getting ready to move into the big farmhouse.

"When the frost comes and the corn is husked and put in the corncribs, the fields are cleaned and the cold nights come. Papa mouse and mama mouse tell the little ones it is time to sneak into the cellar and the garret and the attic of the farm house," said Feed Box to Sky Blue.

"I am listening," she said, "and I can hear the papa mouse and the mama mouse



telling the little ones how they will find rags and paper and wool and splinters and shavings and hair, and they will make warm nests for the winter in the big farmhouse—if no kits, cats nor kittycats get them."

"The pumpkins come with yellow money sacks soon," said the old man as if he was looking past the near corn-fields into far corn-fields, "and then if you lean on the fence post and shade your eyes when the moon is shining, you can see the pumpkins bumping each other in the bumpety-bump-bumpus dance. Around and around they go bumping each other with pumpkin bumps. And

when they are bumped enough each one tells the other in a little whisp of a whisper, 'I am bumped with enough bumps for tonight—let's stop bumping.' Then they all march slow and pile the yellow money sacks in a pile, and sit around the pile counting their bumps, and counting the little bumps the same as the big bumps, and saying, 'One bump is one bump.' And about that time the moon looks down and whisps a whisper,

'Go to sleep now, you little bumpers, you little pumpkins, and come back tomorrow night and bump more bumps.' "

The old man, Feed Box, rubbed his back and his shoulders against the boards of the corncrib and washed his hands almost as if he might be washing them in the gold of the autumn sunshine. Then he told this happening—

"This time of the year, when the mouse in the fields whispers so I can hear him, I remember one November when I was a boy.

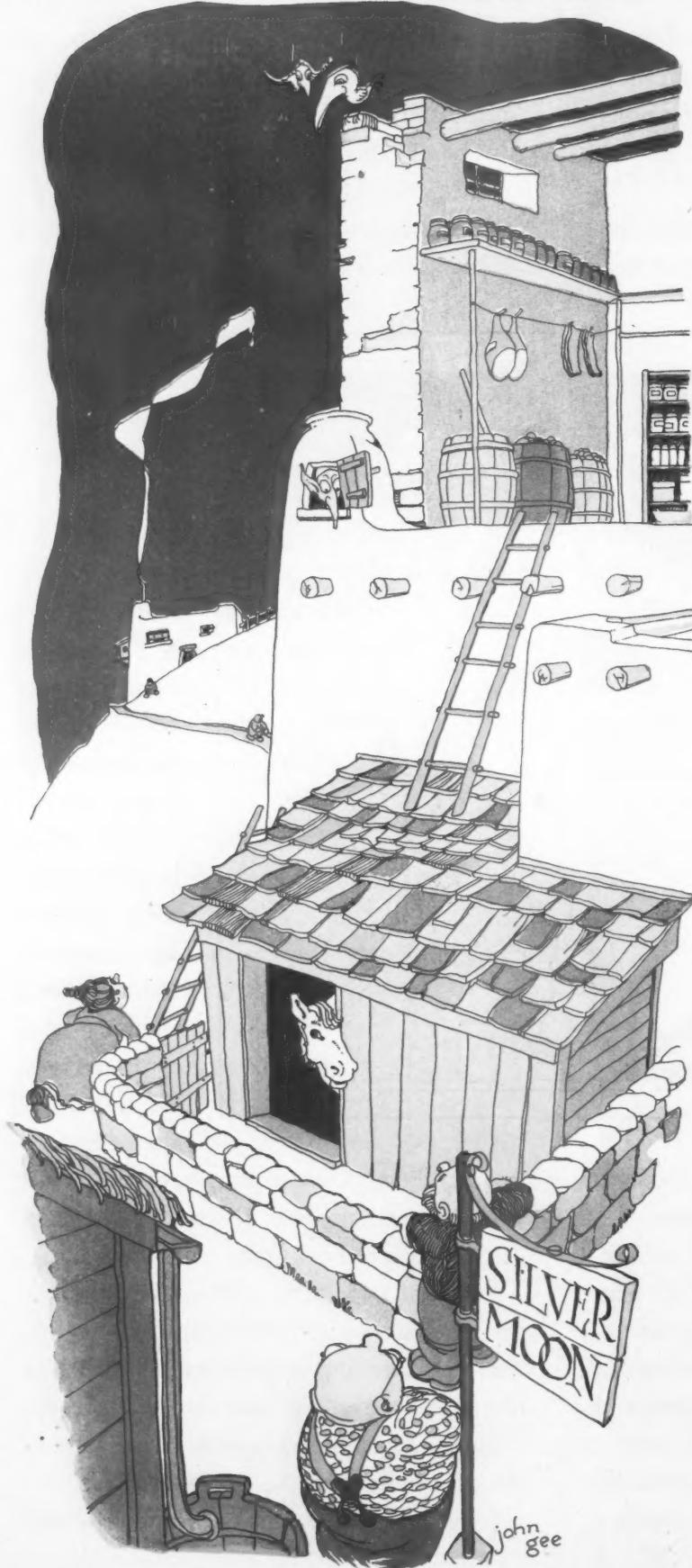
"One night in November when the harvest moon was shining and stacking gold cornshocks in the sky, I got lost. Instead

of going home I was going away from home. And the next day and the next night instead of going home I was going away from home.

"That second night I came to a haystack where a yellow and gold cricket was singing. And he was singing the same songs the crickets sing in the haystacks back home where the Hummadummaduffers raise hay and corn, in the corn belts near the Shampoo River.

"And he told me, this cricket did, he told





me when he listened soft if everything was still in the grass and the sky, he could hear golden crickets singing in the cornshocks the harvest moon had stacked in the sky.

"I went to sleep listening to the singing of the yellow and gold crickets in that haystack. It was early in the morning, long before daylight, I guess, the two of us went on a trip away from the haystack.

"We took a trip. The yellow and gold cricket led the way. 'It is the call of the harvest moon,' he said to me in a singing whisper. 'We are going up to the moon towns where the harvest moon stacks the cornshocks on the sky.'

"We came to a little valley in the sky. And the harvest moon had slipped three little towns into that valley, three little towns named Half Moon, Baby Moon, and Silver Moon.

"In the town of Half Moon they *look* out of the doors and *come in* at the windows. So they have taken all the doorbells off the doors and put them on the windows. Whenever we rang a doorbell we went to a window.

"In the town of Baby Moon they had windows on the chimneys so the smoke can look out of the window and see the weather before it comes out

over the top of the chimney. And whenever the chimneys get tired of being stuck up on top of the roof, the chimneys climb down and dance in the cellar. We saw five chimneys climb down and join hands and bump heads and dance a laughing chimney dance.

"In the town of Silver Moon the cellars are not satisfied. They say to each other, 'We are tired of being under, always under.' So the cellars slip out from being under, always under. They slip out and climb up on top of the roof.

"And that was all we saw up among the moon towns of Half Moon, Baby Moon, and Silver Moon. We had to get back to the haystack so as to get up in the morning after our night sleep.

"This time of the year I always remember that November," said the old man, Feed Box, to his daughter, Sky Blue.

And Sky Blue said, "I am going to sleep in a haystack sometime in November just to see if a yellow and gold cricket will come with a singing whisper and take me on a trip to where the doorbells are on the windows and the chimneys climb down and dance."

The old man murmured, "Don't forget the cellars tired of being under, always under."





## MOON SONG

Mildred Plew Merryman

ZOON, zoon, cuddle and croon—  
Over the crinkling sea,  
*The moon man flings him a silvered net*  
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say when the net lies long  
And the midnight hour is ripe;  
The moon man fishes for some old song  
That fell from a sailor's pipe.

And some folk say that he fishes the bars  
Down where the dead ships lie,  
Looking for lost little baby stars  
That slid from the slippery sky.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in  
And the nodding night wind blows,  
But why the moon man fishes the sea  
Only the moon man knows.



ZOON, zoon, net of the moon  
Rides on the wrinkling sea;  
*Bright is the fret and shining wet,*  
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say when the great  
net gleams  
And the waves are dusky blue,  
The moon man fishes for two little  
dreams  
He lost when the world was new.

And some folk say in the late night hours  
While the long fin-shadows slide,  
The moon man fishes for cold sea flowers  
Under the tumbling tide.

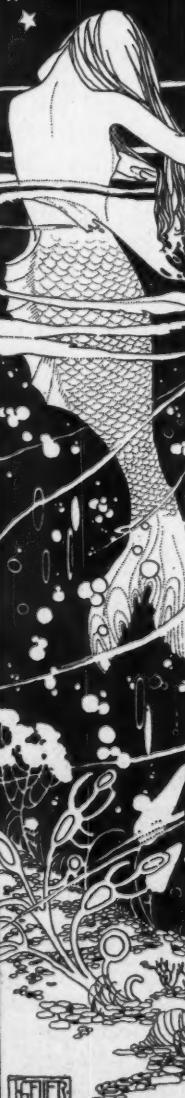
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in  
And the gray gulls dip and doze,  
But why the moon man fishes the sea  
Only the moon man knows.

ZOON, zoon, cuddle and croon—  
Over the crinkling sea,  
*The moon man flings him a silvered net*  
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say that he follows the flecks  
Down where the last light flows,  
Fishing for two round gold-rimmed "specs"  
That blew from his button-like nose.

And some folk say while the salt sea foams  
And the silver net lines snare,  
The moon man fishes for carven combs  
That float from the mermaids' hair.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in  
And the nodding night wind blows,  
But why the moon man fishes the sea  
Only the moon man knows.





## FEAST OF ADVENTURE

By FRANCES CAVANAH

### CHARACTERS

JERRY, about ten and not nearly so grumpy as he seems.  
NANCY, who is eight and much less grumpy than her brother.

MOTHER, whom you would expect to be grumpy but who isn't—not one bit.

LORD TWIDDLEWINKS, prime minister of Fairyland, who is grumpy just at first but a regular prince of a fairy afterwards.

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS, who never was grumpy in her life.

MOTHER GOOSE and some of her children, too, if you care to have them. Madam Goose herself has on a long cape and pointed hat. She peers at Jerry and Nancy over very large spectacles.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN who, of course, is ragged and barefooted.

CINDERELLA, in her ball gown and wearing just one slipper. ROBINSON CRUSOE wears skins and a fur cap. A rough fur coat or a fur rug properly draped will give just the effect you want. If these cannot be managed, loosely-fitting trousers and jacket of some rough khaki-colored cloth will do.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND, in her regular story-book clothes.

ROBIN HOOD and two or more of his merry men. They appear in doublet and hose and pointed hats of Lincoln green. Robin carries a hunting horn and all of them have bows and arrows.

SCENE: A room in a summer cabin, furnished in simple rustic style. Doors right and back, left. Window and couch left. Shelves, with contents hidden by curtains, and large chair back, right. Small table and stool right, front, close to door.

[Enter LADY TWIDDLEWINKS, leading LORD TWIDDLEWINKS by the hand.]

LORD TWIDDLEWINKS (trying to draw back): My dear, we shouldn't come here. The prime minister of Fairyland is too important a person to waste his time on two grumpy children.

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS: Nonsense, Twiddle! You are not so important as that, even if you are prime minister. Jerry and Nancy are unhappy, not grumpy.



LORD TWIDDLEWINKS: But—but our business is to help the happy children.

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS: Our business is to make them happy. I guess you'd be grumpy, too—even grumpier than you are perhaps—if you went out for nuts in the woods and got caught in a blizzard and had to find shelter in a cabin that was all kinds of fun in the summer but terribly lonesome on Thanksgiving day.

LORD TWIDDLEWINKS: But the children are comfortable and have plenty to eat, don't they?

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS: Oh, they've some canned goods and potatoes left over from last summer, but they haven't any Thanksgiving goodies. And they were going to their grandmother's and several little cousins were to be there whom they hadn't seen for a long time.

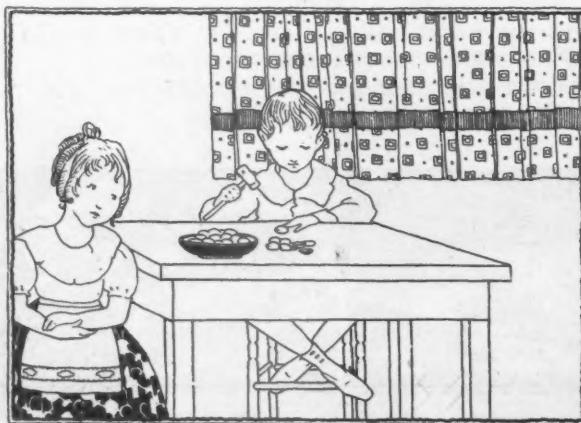
LORD TWIDDLEWINKS (hanging his head): You are right, my love. I'll help them all I can. [Peeping out door, right.] Great Bumblebee! Here they come with their mother. She mustn't see us. Let's go in here and think up a plan.

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS

(hurrying out with him through the door at back): I already have one. Twiddle, dear.

[Enter MOTHER, with JERRY and NANCY.]

MOTHER: Now, my dears, don't pout. Father and I are just as disappointed as you that you must miss all the fun. But the snow's so deep that we can't possibly get away today; so we might just as well make the best of it. You surely can find some-





thing to be thankful for.

JERRY: I don't see how anybody can be very thankful about going without desert on Thanksgiving and having to eat sardines instead of turkey.

NANCY (*letting out a howl*): Oh, I just hate sardines!

JERRY: And there's not a single thing to do.

MOTHER: You might read, you know. There are books left here from last summer.

JERRY: Nobody

wants to read on Thanksgiving day.

MOTHER (*taking some nuts and a cracker from the table*): Well, you can at least crack some nuts. They'll make a nice dessert for you. Now, dears, please don't fret. [Exits, right.]

JERRY (*pounding each nut with a bang*): If it hadn't been for these old nuts, we'd be eating turkey right this minute.

NANCY: Jerry, let me crack awhile.

JERRY: Girls can't crack nuts. That's a man's job.

NANCY: I *can* crack nuts, too. Besides you're not a man. So there!

JERRY: I'm ten years old, I guess.

NANCY: Well, I'm eight. And if you're a man I soon will be.

JERRY: Aw, you won't either. You'll just always be a girl.

NANCY: That's what I want to be anyway. And if you won't let me use that nut cracker I'll get Daddy's ax. *That* will crack 'em.

[She exits back, while JERRY continues to pound the nuts.]

NANCY (*off-stage*): Oh!

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS (*off-stage*): How-do-you-do, Nancy. I'm Lady Twiddlewinks and this is Lord Twiddlewinks, prime minister of Fairyland. We've

come to see if we can't help you out.

NANCY: Oh, oh! Fairies! Let me tell Jerry, quick! (*Reappearing in doorway*): Oh, Jerry, the prime minister of Fairyland is here. He has the sweetest little fairy wife, with real wings. He has wings, too, and oh, (*giggling*) he wears horn-rimmed spectacles just like Daddy's.

JERRY (*still pounding*): Aw, fairies aren't real. [Puffing up]: All men know that.

NANCY (*laughing as she turns to the fairies again*): He says you aren't real. Just come and show him.

[Enter LORD and LADY TWIDDLEWINKS and JERRY drops the nut cracker with a bang.]

JERRY (*trying to be polite*): Oh—er—Howdy, fairies. Have a nut?

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS: No, thanks. We've just dined on snowflake pudding. We've come to see that *you* get a Thanksgiving feast.

NANCY: Oh, with turkey and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie?

LORD TWIDDLEWINKS: No, indeed. The feast that *we're* going to give you is lots more exciting than that.

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS (*who has been poking her head between the curtains that hide the contents of the shelves at back*): We're not going to give it to them, Twiddle. We're just going to discover it for them.

JERRY (*with conviction*): You won't discover much of a Thanksgiving feast around here.

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS (*teasing him*): Oh, we won't? Just you wait, Master Jerry.

The fairies can't give you mortals anything, but we can make you very happy





by discovering for you the treasures you already have.

**LORD TWIDDLEWINKS** (*to his wife*): Well, anyway, the banquet we're going to *discover* for them will be more fun than a mere turkey dinner. [Turning to the children]: We are going to serve you a feast of adventure.

**NANCY**: I bet I know. You're going to take us to Fairyland.

**LADY TWIDDLEWINKS**: No. You can

only go to Fairyland in dreams and you're not asleep.

[Both children make a dive for the couch. JERRY reaches it first, so NANCY curls up in the big chair. They close their eyes and snore loudly. The fairies laugh till their wings quiver.]

**LORD TWIDDLEWINKS**: Ho! Ho! Ho! You can't fool us like that.

**JERRY** (*sitting up*): If you don't take us to Fairyland, I don't see where the adventure's coming in.

**LORD TWIDDLEWINKS**: Adventure is just a matter of the heart, you know. I've seen folks who couldn't even find it in the African jungles.

**JERRY**: Honest? Huh, I wish I had that chance.

**LADY TWIDDLEWINKS** (*very quietly*): There are even people who can't be thrilled by a blizzard.

**NANCY**: Well, I guess it's not very thrilling to eat sardines on Thanksgiving.

**LORD TWIDDLEWINKS** (*laughing*): Maybe not, but then your adventure feast will be thrilling enough to make up for it.

**JERRY**: But where is this adventure feast?

**LADY TWIDDLEWINKS** (*mysteriously*): Oh, just inside the magic doorway.

**LORD TWIDDLEWINKS**: You'll have to have a companion—some one who will guide you on the trip and show you a good time. Lady Twiddlewinks will summon several jolly playfellows and you can take your choice.

**LADY TWIDDLEWINKS**: Oh, dear me, Twiddle. That shows just how absent-minded I'm getting. I forgot my wand.

**LORD TWIDDLEWINKS**: Never mind, my love, I have a folding one in my pocket.

[He takes from his pocket the folding wand, which can be made by covering with gold or silver paper the sections of a carpenter's folding rule. It has a bright star at the end, of course. **LADY TWIDDLEWINKS** goes to door at back, raises wand and in walks **MOTHER GOOSE**. If you decide to have a few of the Mother Goose characters besides, they should dance to very soft music during the cantillation of the following speech.]

**MOTHER GOOSE**:

In Mother Goose town there are waiting for you

Jack and Jill and unlucky Tom Tucker.

You'll see the old woman who lives in a shoe

Put her children to bed after supper.

Jack Horner, Bo-Peep and quaint little Boy Blue

You will find there with young Simple Simon.

And if you will bring just a penny or two

You'll encounter the greedy old pie-man.





By the time you are dining with merry King Cole

You'll be singing "Heigh-diddle-diddle-diddle."

You'll dance a gay jig —for you'll find him so droll—

To the pipes of Tom's dad and Jack's fiddle.

[MOTHER GOOSE exits right, just as HUCKLEBERRY FINN enters from back, LADY TWIDDLEWINKS having raised her wand again.]

NANCY: Oh, Jerry, wouldn't it be fun to go with Mother Goose?

JERRY (so excited that he doesn't even hear her): Gee Whiz! Here comes Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn, I can't tell which.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN: Say, I'm Huck. Tom's in the ha'nted house and that's whar I's gwyne. Ef you won't go an' be hollerin' and gittin' skeered and givin' our hidin' place away to the rapscallions we're gwyne ter ketch, you'll see sumf'n a sight more excitin' than anything you're like ter be seein' ag'in.

JERRY: Hurry up, Sis. Huck says he'll show us the haunted house where he and Tom overheard the robbers plotting.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN (calling back over his shoulder as he exits right): Wall, you'll hav' ter be hurryin' ef you're gwyne ter come with me.

[In the meantime CINDERELLA has entered from back and is talking in an undertone to NANCY, who is so excited that this time she is the one who doesn't hear her brother. CINDERELLA is distressed.]

CINDERELLA (hopping along on one foot and addressing JERRY): Oh, kind sir, I must have dropped my slipper on the stairs. Will you fetch it for me?

JERRY (looking at her in admiration and starting out door at back): Well, I just guess I will.

NANCY (holding him back): Why, Jerry, there aren't any stairs out there.

[JERRY turns back, feeling rather foolish. A clock in the distance gives twelve clear strokes, and CINDERELLA with a cry of fright rushes out door, right.]

NANCY (taking her brother by the hand): It's Cinderella. Wouldn't you like to be with her when the prince finds her?

LORD TWIDDLEWINKS: Here come several other old friends. Perhaps you'd better see them before deciding.

[Enter ROBINSON CRUSOE from back, paying no attention to the children. His eyes are glued to the floor as he furtively makes his way across the stage and exits, right.]

JERRY (almost whispering): It's Robinson Crusoe, Nancy, and he's just found the footstep on the sand. If we follow him we'll see him fight the savages and rescue Friday.

[LADY TWIDDLEWINKS raises her wand again and ALICE in WONDERLAND runs through.]

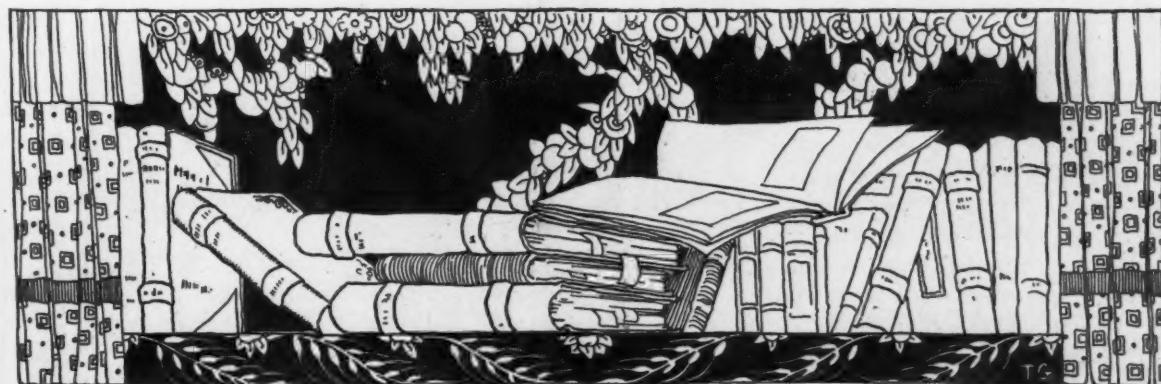
ALICE IN WONDERLAND (stopping just for a minute before running out through door at right): Oh, I'm going down the rabbit hole right now. Don't you want to come, too?

[There is a stir off-stage, the blast of a hunting horn is heard, and ROBIN HOOD bounds through the window, at left and stands on the couch.]

NANCY (surprised): Who's that?

ROBIN HOOD (bowing): I'm Robin Hood, my pretty maid. [Jumping from the couch and coming closer to whisper confidentially]: Sh! my merry men are just outside. [Laughing.] We're hunting for the king's deer and a right royal feast we'll have. The Maid Marian herself will be there. And 'tis whispered that tonight when the moon is clear the high sheriff of Nottingham will pass through the forest with his bags of gold. My merry men will be his hosts. [With a bound he is across the stage and has disappeared through the door at right. A second

(Continued on page 737)

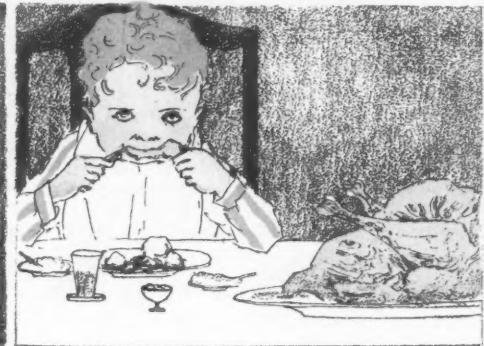


# JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Pudgy's mother prepared a big Thanksgiving dinner and then heaped his plate so that he was kept busy for sometime

JUST LIKE THIS



He ate so much that he felt sleepy. Suddenly Mr. Gobbler turned over and tried to stand up in the platter—

JUST LIKE THIS

On another plate he found his wings and after he "got himself together" he danced a turkey trot down the table—

JUST LIKE THIS



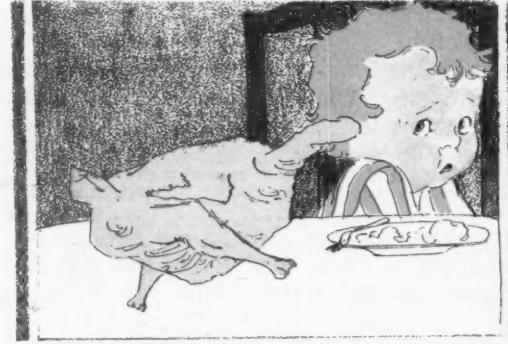
Then he said, "Pudgy, your head isn't worth much but it's better than none. Give it to me." And he gave Pudgy a blank look—

JUST LIKE THIS



He was "all cut up" over the loss of his legs and wings. So he went to a plate where he found his legs and then stood up—

JUST LIKE THIS



At the thought of losing his head Pudgy screamed and opened his eyes. The turkey was gone and in its place was a piece of pumpkin pie—

JUST LIKE THIS





## A REAL THANKSGIVING PARTY

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the *Betty Wales Series*, the *Nancy Lee Series*, etc.

DICK and Dolly lived on a farm away up among the hills. Dick was ten years old and Dolly was just six. Dick and Dolly loved the farm, but sometimes, especially in winter, they were just a little bit lonely.

"I wish we had some cousins and uncles and aunts to come to a big Thanksgiving dinner this year," Dick told Dolly. "Remember the story Father told about that dinner when he was little?"

But instead of a party, there wouldn't even be all the family, because Father had to be away on business. There would be just Dick and Dolly and Mother.

About a week before Thanksgiving, Dick and Dolly went to Mother with their trouble. Mother thought a minute. She was the kind of mother who always wants you to have your wishes come true.

"Why—yes—perhaps we can have a big Thanksgiving party," she said, thinking it out as she talked. "I'm pretty sure we can."

"Oh, goody!" cried Dolly. "When can we give out the invitations?"

Mother thought again. "Day after tomorrow, after school," she said.

"You write them, Mommie," said Dick.

"Well, I'll fix them," Mother promised. "You don't always write invitations, you know, Dickie."

And not another word would Mother tell them about the party, though they teased and teased her to say who was coming—just *one* who was coming.

When day after tomorrow came and was today, Dick and Dolly ran all the way home from school. On the kitchen table was a big covered basket.

"What's that?" asked Dolly, and started to peek.

"Not yet!" said Mother, picking the basket up so quickly that they were more curious than ever.

The children thought Mother would go out the side door and down the road with the invitations. But instead she went out the back door and through the orchard to the edge of the wood.

"Now," she said, "as we haven't any family near enough to come to our dinner, I thought we'd better ask our nearest neighbors." Dick and Dolly looked disappointed, because the nearest neighbors were all grown-ups. "Oh, I don't mean anybody 'way down the road!" said Mother. "I mean some jolly little

people who live right up here. The first one I thought of was Reddy Squirrel. There weren't any acorns in our wood this fall, so I'm sure he'd like to be invited out for Thanksgiving. You give him his invitation, Dolly." She reached down into the basket and handed Dolly a little paper bag.

"Nuts!" said Dolly, looking in. "How do I give it, Mommie?"



"Well," said Mother, "I think I'd put a little pile of nuts here, and a nut there, and another there. I'd make a little nut path leading towards our house."

"Do you think he can read his invitation, Mommie?" Dolly asked, when the bag was empty.

"Oh, I'm sure he can!" said Mother. "Just like this! This little pile says 'please'; the next nut says 'come'; and the next ones say 'to—our—Thanksgiving—party'."

"I'm sure he can read that!" cried Dolly, giving a happy little skip.

"Now I want to give out an invitation," said Dick.

Mother took a piece of suet out of the basket. Some little black seeds were stuck into it to make a letter "C." "That stands for Chickadee," Mother explained. "This is Mr. Black-cap Chickadee's invitation for the whole Chickadee family. Listen! Yes, I hear Mr. Chickadee this minute."

Sure enough, back in the wood a little bird said "Chickadee—dee—dee—dee—dee," just as plain.

"Now, Dick," said Mother, "take this string and tie the suet up in this little tree. I've seen Mr. Chickadee in it often. Tie it tight, so it won't get lost before Mr. Chickadee has read it all through. And hurry! Perhaps we can see him reading his invitation."

When Dick had tied on the suet, they all went off a little way, and very soon the "chickadee—dee—dee—dee" note got louder and louder, and nearer and nearer, and in a minute along came Mr. Chickadee and flew into the little tree that he liked, and hopped around and hopped around, and suddenly he hopped right on the suet and took a bite. Then back he went into the wood, saying "chickadee—dee" again. Only this time it sounded like "It's me—me—me! See—see—see! It's me—me—me! See—see—see!" As if he were telling the whole Chickadee family about the invitation. Perhaps he was.

There were two more pieces of suet in the basket. One was marked with an "N" for the Nuthatch family, and the other had a "W," made in bright red barberries, to match the red spot on the Woodpecker fathers' heads. Dick and Dolly were good friends with the little blue-grey nuthatches, who climb up and down the tree trunks, generally head-first, saying, "Yank! Yank! Yank!" And they knew little Mr. Downy Woodpecker and big Mr. Hairy Woodpecker, and wanted them and all their families at the party.

Last of all, Mother gave Dick a bag full of lettuce leaves and apple parings. "I knew you'd want to ask Molly Cottontail," she said. "Was it here you saw her yesterday, nibbling at something? Then I'd put Molly's 'Please' right here, and let the rest of her invitation make a path to our house, just like Reddy Squirrel's."

So Dick fixed Molly Cottontail's invitation, and by that time it was growing dark and Mother's basket was empty.

Every day after school Dick and Dolly and Mother went to look at the invitations.

"You see, we have to be very sure they understand," Mother told the children. "The little wood folk don't have many parties given for them, so they're not expecting invitations."

"And they can't read our writing," said Dolly. "What will they do?"

"And we can't talk their talk," said Dick.

"That makes it all the more exciting," replied Mother, "to see if they'll understand us."

So every day till the day before Thanksgiving they went out to look after the invitations. Mr. Blackcap Chickadee ate such a big piece out of his that the string got loose. Then Dick moved the invitation to a tree nearer the house. Dolly put up another piece marked "C" in the lilac bush by the dining-room window, and she also scattered some seeds that chickadees like under the lilac.



They made the "Please come to our party" paths for Reddy Squirrel and Molly Cottontail come a little nearer to the house every day. Molly Cottontail ate up her "Please—come" right away, but then she got frightened at something and hippity-hopped off to her hole, and it was two whole days before she came back. Reddy Squirrel was getting his invitation that day, and he chattered at Molly. He must have said, "It's all right, Molly," because after that she was as bold as Reddy. And the Chickadee and Nuthatch families were busy pecking at suet in the lilac bush. It *looked* as if they had all read their invitations and meant to come to the party. But of course you can never be *sure* till the time comes!

On Thanksgiving eve it snowed, and in the morning the farm was all white and glittery in the sun. Dick and Dolly hurried out right after breakfast to see about the party. Mother stayed at home to see about dinner.

Dick was quite a carpenter. He had cut out nice square tables (without legs) for Molly Cottontail and Reddy Squirrel. He trampled down the snow by the side door and put Reddy's table there. Molly's was under the pear tree. Dolly set them both, with nuts and raisins for Reddy, and beautiful curly lettuce leaves and a shiny red apple, cut in quarters, for Molly.

Dick nailed a box to a post right outside the dining-room window. Then he nailed a stick, with suet tied to it, to the box. Dolly filled the box with seeds and crumbs.

By the time they had everything ready, and had run home, and taken off their things, and gone to the dining-room window to be sure you could see all the tables plainly from there, and had called Mother to see, too, Mother said, "Our dinner's ready now."

Generally you have to wait *so* long for a Thanksgiving dinner, and you get *so* hungry. Dick and

Dolly were hungry—yes, indeed! But they didn't have to wait!

Just as Mother was bringing in the turkey, the first company came: Reddy Squirrel. He'd been waiting up on the barn roof for Dick and Dolly to go away. He knew they were friends, but they were so big! Then the Chickadees—began to "dee—dee—dee." The next minute one flew over to the birds' table after seed.

"They're glad to have a clean table this snowy day," said Mother.

Then Molly Cottontail came hippity-hopping around the corner of the woodshed. She sat down to her dinner. Reddy stood up and held his food in his front paws. The Chickadees grabbed a sunflower seed tight between their feet, and peck—peck—pecked it open. Little Nuthatch flew off with his seed in his bill. Then he stuck it in a crotch in the bark of a tree, and crack—cracked it open with his beak.

It's good manners in the Chickadee family to hold your food with your toes, and it's good manners in the Nuthatch Family to run away with your mouthful and hammer it open.

Mother said it would be good manners for her family, just this once, to jump up and go to the window whenever anyone wanted to—*very* softly, so as not to scare the party. There were at least five lively chickadees at the party and three Nuthatches. Mr. Downy Woodpecker came late, all by himself.

"There never was such a fine Thanksgiving party," said Dick, when the company had gone.

"And it will go on all winter," said Dolly.

Then Mother lighted the lamp, and Dick and Dolly wrote to Father. Dick told him all about the big party, and Dolly made a list of the guests, only she could not decide how many chickadees to say. Dick added a postscript to his letter, and this was it:

"A farm is the nicest place in the world, even in winter, if you have a Mother who knows what to do."



# SNUTCH AND HIS WISH GARDEN

By T. C. O'DONNELL

Author of *The Sandman's Brother*, *Ann's Half Birthday*, *The Ladder of Rickety Rungs*, etc.

**I** WISH," said Sue, as Snuggle, her cuddly cuddly nurse, pecked her cheek with a good-night kiss. That, though, was as far as ever Sue got, because Snuggle thought she was going to say she wished she were just getting up for breakfast.

What Sue was going to wish, though, was that she never, never had to go to bed at all, or Theodore, who was her brother and had to go to bed too. That, though, would have been as bad, maybe, as wishing she were just getting up.

But Snuggle—Snuggle, though, I may as well tell you, was not the name of this cuddly, cuddle nurse at all, but only Mary; Sue just called her Snuggle because Mary was always snuggling her up and pecking a kiss on her when tucking her away in bed. I was going to tell you, though, what Snuggle said. "Don't wish anything until you have thought about it eleven times!" That was what Snuggle told her.

"And why?" asked Sue, and then Snuggle told her that on a beautiful island, in the Sea of Purly Dreams, was the Garden of Wishes, with Snutch, an old granddaddy sort of man, tending it.

"And every wish you ever wished, or ever will wish, is there," said Snuggle. "They spring up into beautiful flowers. That is, some of them do—the good wishes that you *should* wish. Red and blue, and violet, and—why, they grow up there just every color, almost. But the bad wishes, oh—"

Snuggle shuddered just to think of what

the bad wishes become when they grow up in Snutch's garden.

"What *are* they?" asked Sue, and then Snuggle told her that the bad wishes grow up into weeds—some of them the most terrible terrible kind of weeds. And if you always think eleven times you will know if it is a bad wish, and then you won't wish it at all.

"Well, I wish I could be there and see them, and Theodore, too," said Sue. "I think *that* would be a good kind of wish."

And it must have been, too, for almost as soon as Sue had said it they were crossing a lovely, lovely bridge, which

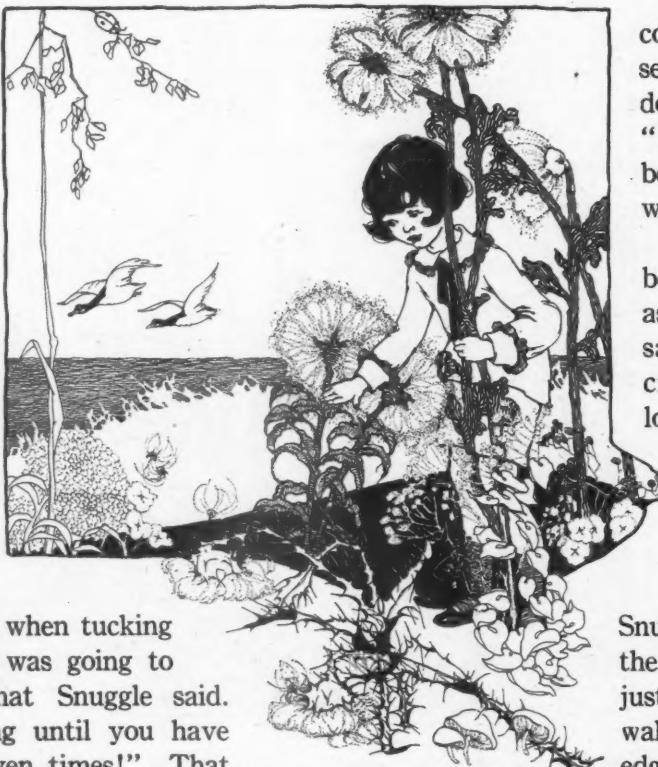
Snuggle told her was the Blink Blink Bridge. And Sue and Theodore and

Snuggle were there on the Island of Snarp in just the shortest time, walking up from the edge of the Sea of Pur-

ply Dreams to Snutch's house.

Now Snutch's house ought to have been a great deal nicer than it was, because he could just wish for a beautiful house. That would have been a wonderful wish for Snutch, because that very minute he would have had a new house, with a bath room in it, and an attic to put his skates and sled and things in in the summer time. Only he would have to make a wish then to get skates and sleds and things.

But one house was as good as another for Snutch, because he always stayed out in his garden anyhow, looking after his flowers.



He was there when his little visitors came. He was a gray little man, with a beard that hung almost to the ground; it even touched the ground sometimes, when Snutch bent way down to see whether a new flower that came was really a flower or a weed.

Because you can't always tell about wishes, whether they are good or bad. It would have been all right for Theodore to wish he were a motorman, but it wouldn't be so good for Sue. That shows that sometimes a certain wish should be in Snutch's flower garden, and sometimes it should be among the weeds. That is what makes it so terribly hard to be keeper of a Garden of Wishes. And that is why, too, Snutch had to stoop over sometimes until his beard touched the ground.

Snuggle said, "How do you do, Snutch?" and Snutch said very well, thank you, who were the young people? Then Snuggle introduced Theodore and Sue, and said they would like to see his Garden of Wishes. He was very glad, you may be sure.

So into the garden they went, and almost the first thing they saw was, what do you suppose? You would never guess, I am sure, so I will tell you. It was a huge bed of yellow flowers.

"What kind of flowers are those, do you suppose, little girl?" Snutch asked. Sue came near saying "rose," because it rimed with "those" and "suppose." She knew they weren't roses, though, so she said

"sunflowers." She might as well have said roses, though, because Snutch laughed and said,

"Only they're not sunflowers at all, but 'I Wish I Didn't Have to Go to School' blossoms. That is why there are so many of them. Every little boy and girl wishes that. And it is not a weed wish, either, but an all right wish, because some day, when the little

boys or girls are big enough, and the flower is all ready to pick, I will send it to them, and they won't have to go to school any more."

"I wished that one time, too," said Sue. "Oh, won't I have to go to school any more now? Can't I take it home with me? Can't I?"

Now Snutch is a kind old man, as I am sure you have already guessed, and he didn't want to disappoint Sue. But, of course, it

takes time for "I Wish I Didn't Have to Go to School" blossoms to get ready to pick. They have to grow, just as boys and girls do. So Snutch said, "How old are you, little girl?" and Sue said she was six growing on seven.

"Well," said Snutch, "it will take quite a long time for that blossom to grow. I will have to water it and hoe it for ever so long, but if you will get all your lessons and go to school every day it will be ready to send to you in—oh, in about fifteen years. Why, here it is now," said the little man, and he bent so low over a tiny plant that was just



coming up through the ground that his long beard spread out on the ground like a mat.

"Anyway, wishes don't look *anything* like they sound," said Sue, and she looked a long time at her wish plant, and was just going to wish it would grow faster, when Snuggle and Theodore said for her to come and look at some plants that didn't have *any* flowers at all. They looked very much like weeds, and Theodore said so to Snutch.

Snutch said, "They *are* weeds. They are the kind of wishes that nobody ever ought to wish. Do you remember, Theodore, one time you wished you were a young man, and not a boy any more?"

Theodore said he remembered it very well, and Snutch said:

"Here it is, then," and he reached down and showed a starved-looking plant with stickers on it, and on it was a tag which said, "Theodore's Weed Wish No. 175."

"Have I made that many bad wishes—one hundred and seventy-five?" asked Theodore.

"Oh, that was a long time ago," said Snutch, bending low and lifting his beard away from the plant. "It was a long time ago when you were only five years old. There have been a lot since then, because you are seven now. Why, just last Tuesday you wished you didn't have to go to bed, and that one was No. 350."

Theodore asked what some of his other weed wishes were, but Snutch said it would take too long to name them all. And anyhow, some of them had died out, and it was always best to forget them, and keep making only the good wishes.

"What makes the weed wishes die out?" asked Sue, and Snutch said,

"Whenever you see how very foolish your

weed wish is, and wish you hadn't wished it, then it dries all up and fades away."

And when the little old man said that, Theodore unwished one of his weed wishes. "I am glad I am a boy, and not a man," he said.

And as he did so, one of the weeds dried right up while they were looking at it.

"I am glad I don't drive the lion cage in the circus parade, too," Theodore said again, and so another weed wish died.

And Sue said she wanted to play in the unwishing game, too.

"I am glad I have to go to bed when it gets dark, and I always *will* be glad."

And so Theodore and Sue went on unwishing their bad wishes, until I don't suppose Theodore had more than one hundred and seventeen left, and Sue probably one hundred and three. I am sure she didn't have more than that left.

"Could we unwish them all if we stayed long enough?" asked Sue.

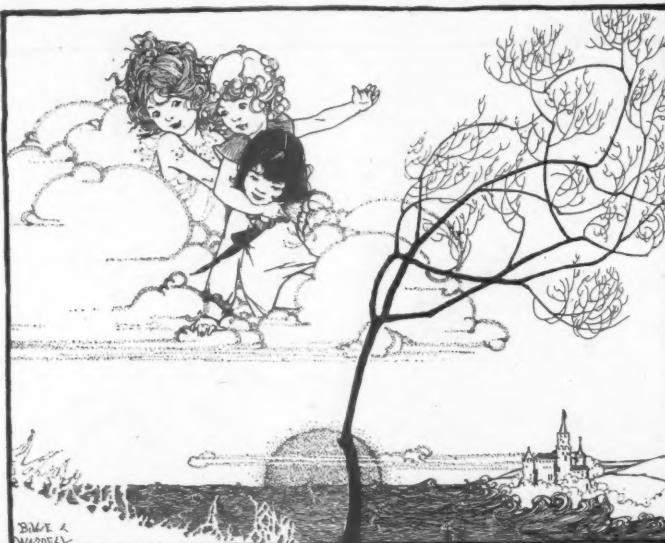
Snutch unwound his long beard from a "I Wish I Had a Million Dollars" weed, which it had got wrapped around, and then said:

"Yes—yes, only you wouldn't have to stay here all that time. You can unwish them at home, too. Sometimes it takes a long time. Why, sometimes a boy grows to be a man before *all* the foolish wishes get unwished. When that time comes he becomes Contented, and to be Contented is the most wonderful thing in all the world."

"I wish *I* were contented," said Sue, and Snutch planted her wish right there.

"Now I hope that wish grows fast and blossoms very soon," he said. And it did,

(Continued on page 758)





## NOW AND THEN

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Author of *A Cavalier Maid*, *Diantha's Quest*, *The Luck of Denewood*,  
*Girls of '64*, *The Lucky Sixpence*, etc.

*What Happened in Parts I and II.*

Katherine, rummaging in her grandfather's attic, discovers a mysterious trunk belonging to Lady Kitty, one of her colonial ancestors. Her grandfather tells Katherine stories about the fascinating things she pulls out of the trunk. The first one is about Kaatje, a little Dutch ancestor who lived in New York in the early days when the Dutch settlers and Indians were fighting. One day Kaatje's father is captured by the red men. Kaatje, with a little English boy, bravely takes a stormy trip in a leaky boat to Staten Island. Here she bargains with a painted savage for her father and, by slitting up two of her many petticoats and giving these improvised blankets to his captor, wins his freedom.

### PART III

**S**O YOU want to hear about the Lady Kitty, do you?" said Grand-daddy, looking down at Katherine with pretended amazement. "I thought you'd be tired of history by this time."

"Not your kind," Katherine insisted; "besides it's about our own family."

"Let's see what's under the tray of that old trunk," Grandfather said.

Katherine lifted it out and found another linen sheet. Within this was a porkpie turban of Italian straw with a floating veil of lace; a petticoat and pantalettes edged with fine embroidery; white cotton stockings turned yellowish with age; small flat shoes with elastic sides; a net for the hair; a sack of blue velvet; a plaid chambray dress piped with blue

and, a crowning elegance, a pair of one-button lemon kid gloves. Underneath all was a strange arrangement of wire and horsehair.

"What in the world is that?" asked Katherine curiously.

"Hoops," replied her grandfather.

"And did Lady Kitty wear them?"

"No," said Grandfather. "These belonged to another Katherine—Katherine Lorrimore, in fact."

"Then she wasn't any relation to us?" Katherine was disappointed.

"Don't be too sure of that," Grandfather warned her. "You see she was Katherine Bretton after she grew up and married your grandfather, my dear."

"Why, I'd rather hear about her than the Lady Kitty even," Katherine cried, for she was named after her beautiful grandmother who had died long, long ago when Aunt Alice was only a baby, and she often stood before her portrait and thought how wonderful it was to have a young and lovely grandmother to think



of. "Why was her little girl dress kept? Just because it was pretty?"

"No, there was more of a reason than that," Grand-daddy told her. "During the Civil War her father was an officer in the Northern Army. While he was at the front her mother lived in Washington with the three children, of whom Kathie was the oldest, and often they didn't see him for months at a time. So you can imagine Kathie's joy when she was told there was a chance to visit Captain Lorrimore and that she was to be her mother's companion.

"They found the captain living in a beautiful, stately house, with a great white-pillared portico. He explained his occupancy of such fine quarters by saying that the Southern lady who owned it had left with her family before he got there, although he had sent her word that while, of necessity, soldiers would be camped all around her, no one would molest her.

"Finding the place deserted he had decided to occupy it to insure its safety.

"I don't think they've gone very far," he ended. "I hear they're staying at a sort of shooting-lodge they have on the other side of the Branch; but I've been very careful not to walk in that direction because I want to spare them the sight of me. There's a girl in the family of about your age, Kathie," he went on. "I picked up a treasure she had left behind." And he showed Kathie a shabby old doll.

"Now it happened that Kathie herself had a very similar doll which she cherished more than any toy she owned and she could not

get it out of her head how bad she would feel if she lost her Polly; so on the second day of her visit she took the forgotten doll and started off in the direction of the Branch, as they called the small creek near there.

"She found it without difficulty, but when she had reached the shore she didn't know whether to go up or down stream. She would have liked to cross, but the water, while neither very wide nor very swift, was deep and she dared not attempt it.

"As she stood in perplexity she heard a queer little sound. She looked to right and left but saw nothing to account for it, so she held her breath and waited. Once more she heard it. This time it was unmistakably a sob and she discovered that it came

from a little girl who was lying flat on her face on the opposite side of the stream.

"Involuntarily she called out.

"Oh, please don't cry like that. I've brought your baby back to you!"

"At the sound of her voice the strange child sat up and looked at Kathie with mingled amazement and resentment.

"Then she said coldly, 'Oh, you're just one of those Yankees,' and turned her back.

"Kathie felt a little angry at such rudeness, but she knew that every little girl hates to be caught crying by a stranger, so she made allowances and said, 'Well, you're one of the old Rebels and that's just as bad. But I brought you your doll, anyway. You can get her when I'm gone.' And she laid the doll on the ground and turned away.

"A voice from the other side of the stream arrested her.



" 'Please don't go. Please don't go,' it implored. 'How can I get Annie Bell if you go away? And she'll catch cold lying on the damp grass.'

"Kathie stopped at once.

" 'I was only going because I thought you wanted me to,' she explained. 'What's your name and how can I help you? I'm Kathie Lorrimore,' she added by way of introducing herself.

" 'And my name is Lulu Bryan,' the strange little girl said. 'I'll send over the raft we tote groceries on for Annie Bell. I can't get across myself because the real boat is taken away so the Yankees won't find it.'

"While she was talking she had hurriedly dragged a raft about the size of a lapboard out of the bushes. It had a long cord attached to it and with the dexterity that comes of practice, she launched it so that it floated across, grounding not far from Kathie, who placed the doll upon it at once and watched with satisfaction as it journeyed safely to the other side.

" 'Now you won't have to cry any more,' she said happily, as the other little girl clasped her recovered Annie Bell in her arms.

" 'I wasn't crying for that,' Lulu called. 'It takes a mighty big thing to make me cry.'

" 'Then what were you crying about?' asked Kathie with pardonable curiosity.

" 'You see it's like this. My pa is a captain in our army.'

" 'I know. The Rebels,' Kathie interrupted.

" 'Not Rebels at all,' declared Lulu. 'Confed'rates. Well, anyhow he's to be in Richmond, and Ma's going to see him; but I can't ask her to take me too, because this is all I have to wear.' And she looked down at her stained and faded dress with tearful eyes.

"In a minute it was all plain to Kathie and she knew exactly how the other child was feeling, because hadn't

she just come to visit her own father after months of separation?

" 'That's awful,' she said, tears of sympathy coming into her eyes.

" 'It's mighty hard,' agreed Lulu, and all at once Kathie had a wonderful thought.

" 'When is your mother going?' she demanded.

" 'Tomorrow afternoon,' Lulu replied sadly.

" 'Promise me you'll meet me here in the morning,' Kathie cried excitedly. 'I don't know—I'm not sure—but perhaps I see a way for you to go with your mother.'

"She refused to say any more and was eager to be off as soon as she had Lulu's promise. Once headed toward the camp, she ran at full speed and reached her mother's side, red-cheeked and breathless.

" 'Oh, Mamma,' she begged, not waiting to explain, 'there's a poor little girl—and she can't go to see her father without them—and we've got her house—and I want to give her my clothes to go to Richmond.'

"When the matter was set before her more lucidly Mrs. Lorrimore was eager to help. Kathie, who was very pretty, was often a little vain of her dresses, and her mother was pleased that she was ready to make this sacrifice for another child's happiness; but she wanted to be sure her little daughter realized what she was offering to do.

" 'You understand, Kathie,' she said, 'that we weren't able to bring any luggage with us and what I can get here for you will be a very poor makeshift. Perhaps nothing better than flour bags. I'll run something together, but you'll have no hoops, no pretty pantalettes, none of the dainty frills you love.' (You see little girls then were as proud of their pantalettes as you are today of your smockings and cross-stitches," Grandfather explained, looking at Katherine's frock.)

"Well, Kathie was eager to

(Continued on page 738)





## THE SLEIGH RIDE

MARJORIE BARROWS

THE Thistledown fairies from Flitterwing Way  
Are taking a Thanksgiving sleigh ride today.  
They harness their sea shell to snow-birds, and oh,  
When Twink toots his trumpet away they all go!  
There's Tweedles with ear-muffs and Twinkle D. Tark  
With cranberry lantern in case it grows dark,  
There's Toots hitched behind—but he's holding on tight—  
And Tinkle who dusts off the stars every night.  
They're riding to Grandmother Thistledown's home,  
Just thirty wings south of the Willow Tree Gnome,

And there they will eat just as much as they're able  
Of Thanksgiving goodies on Grandmother's table,  
Of fernseed, roast chestnut with wintergreen, my!  
And snowflakes and honey and buttercup pie!  
And all will say thank you, and oh, not a soul  
Will drink up the dew from a nut finger bowl.  
Oh, giddy-ap, Feather Toes, Swift Wing and Wink,  
Over the snow hills as quick as a blink,  
They're coming, they're coming! Make way for the sleigh  
Of the Thistledown fairies from Flitterwing Way!



## THE VERY MERRY PIE MAN

DIXIE WILLSON

**R**ING-TING-TINKLE, and a ring-  
ting-tink!  
Who is coming gaily round the  
corner, do you think?  
With a bell upon his wagon  
And a bell upon his horse,  
It's the very merry pie man  
With his pile o' pies, o' course!

Ring-ting-tinkle, and a ring-ting-  
tink!  
Now how many pennies shall we give  
him, do you think?  
Give him twenty for an apple pie,  
And twenty for a peach,  
And his pies are just the size for  
Just a teasy taste of each!

Ring-ting-tinkle, and a ring-ting-  
tink!  
Shall we ever have enough of peaches,  
do you think?  
If the very merry pie man  
Just could shake a fairy tree,  
And could bring us lots for nothing  
Oh, how jolly it would be!

# THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

## DOLL MAKES HOME IN BOOKCASE

Little Annie Van Canny was greatly distressed last Monday morning. Little Annie simply couldn't find her dollie, Delysia. She had searched frantically under beds, behind doors, underneath tables, and in every room in the house, without results.

Finally she sat down in the library to rest, but was soon startled by a gentle tapping on the



glass door of the bookcase. At first Annie was rather frightened, for she could see nobody; but her curiosity overcame her fear, and she opened the door and looked inside.

She was so surprised at what she found that she sat right down on the floor and laughed and laughed. There had been no books on the bottom shelf, and there sat Delysia, smiling contentedly.

"Hello!" said the dolly, waving her hand. "I grew tired of living in a soap box, and thought I would move in here. It's really a beautiful place to live; don't you think so?"

## BEARS IN EXCITING MARBLE GAME

"Hey, fellows, look what I found!" yelled the noisiest and nosiest bear in Toytown. The other Teddy Bears ran from all directions, for they are always eager to see new and interesting things. The Teddy held a box of

tiny white balls, which he had found on a chair in his little daddy's bedroom.

"Marbles! Marbles! Let's have a game!" screamed the bears, and each one pushed forward to secure his share. A pencil was soon found, and a circle drawn on the tiles of the bathroom floor. Well, you never heard such a noisy game in all your life.

"What's all the riot about?" sang out a voice, as the little boy of the house ran into the room.

"Why, the idea!" he exclaimed. "Those are the pills the doctor gave me!"

"Oh, 'scuse us, please!" grunted the Teddies as they placed their marbles back into the box and hurried out of the room.

## BEAR RIDES IN FOOTBALL AIRSHIP

Tango is a Teddy Bear who likes plenty of excitement. His little daddy gave him a thrilling experience last week by letting him ride in an airship made with a football as gas bag and a baseball catcher's mask tied on for a passenger basket.

The little boy tied a long kite string to the football, and, after many attempts, succeeded in throwing the end of the long string over a telephone wire out in the street. He then called Tango and told him to sit down in the wire basket and hold on tightly, which he did, grinning with wild excitement.

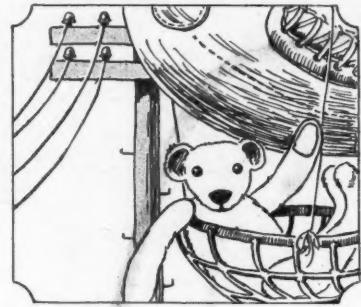
"Here we go!" sang out the Teddy's little daddy as he pulled the end of the long string. Soon the little football airship began to rise, and Tango held on with all his strength as he was lifted higher and higher, until finally the little airship stopped its motion just beneath the high telephone wire.

"Well, how do you like the view?" called the little boy from

the street below, as he held the end of the tightened string.

"Marvelous, marvelous!" called back the excited little Teddy. "If you can pull me up just a little bit higher, maybe I'll be able to see the top of our roof!"

Tango's little daddy gave the string a hard pull in order to lift the airship a few inches, but horrors! Just at that moment the string broke, letting the airship drop heavily to the street. The



Tango jumped out, however, and the little boy was quick enough to hold out his cap, catching the bear in it as he would a baseball.

"It's lucky that I played ball so much lately!" laughed Tango's little daddy. "Otherwise I might not have been able to catch a falling bear like that."

"You said it!" grinned the lucky little Teddy.

## DOLLY ACQUIRES BLUE HAIR

Did you ever see a dolly with blue hair? Little Nellie McNeally laughed when her dolly appeared yesterday morning with deliciously blue hair.

"What ever in the world happened to you, Mamie?" she asked the little dolly.

"Oh, I got tired of yellow hair, and put bluing on it. Don't you think it's beautiful?"

But Nellie didn't think so.



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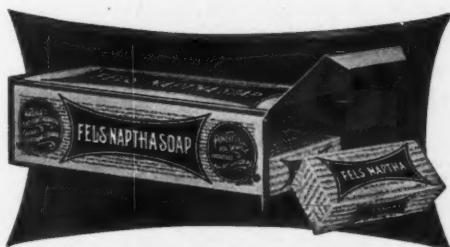
Fels-Naptha Cleanliness is *deeper* cleanliness.

When the real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes after the ground-in dirt of the little rompers or stockings, the chase never ends until it has driven the dirt-ogre away completely. And the clothes are not hurt a bit. They come out clean, bright and smiling, like kiddies from a good splash in the bath.

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# THE MUSIC OF HUNGARY

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER  
Author of *What We Hear in Music*, *Music in the Home*, etc.

OH, WHAT funny stamps there are on Aunt Margaret's letter this time!" said Dick.

"Yes, those are Hungarian stamps," said Father. "They are new to me, too."

"You said that I could have them all this time," cried Doris. "Dick had the Polish stamp last time."

"I remember," replied Father, "but as there are four stamps on this letter it seems to me that you could share them."

"Well, do get the matter adjusted soon," laughed Mother. "I want to hear the letter for I have always liked the music of Hungary."

"So do I," said Mabel, "and we had the Liszt 'Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2' and the Brahms 'Hungarian Dances Nos. 5 and 6' last year in the Music Memory Contest in school."

"Well, I think myself this is one of the most interesting letters we have had," said Father, as he drew it out of the envelope and began to read.

### "Dear Music Lovers:

"Well, here we are in the beautiful city of Buda-Pesth, which is really two cities, as you know, one across the 'Beautiful Blue Danube' River from the other. We are having such a wonderful time I hate to think of leaving, yet we must soon turn our steps to Vienna, where we plan to spend Christmas, and then we shall go to Italy again for the winter.

"I wish I might describe to you the wonderful autumn days we have spent in the rural parts of Hungary, where we saw the peasants dancing and singing after they had finished their wine making, which is always a great community festivity.

"Music and dancing have been the chief recreations of the Hungarian people from very early times. In fact, their oldest legends tell of their ancient religion being entirely founded on music and dancing. There is scarcely a person, no matter how young or old, who does not dance and most of the dances tell some very definite story, worked out in the intricate steps of the dancers.

"You know some of the marvelous syncopated rhythmic effects of the Hungarian music for many of the greatest composers have used these stirring Hungarian melodies. But maybe you have never realized how much dancing is an actual part of the daily life of the people. It is even more to the Hungarian peasant than his folk song. In fact there are not so many songs as there are dances and there are far more players upon instruments than there are singers. Almost everyone in the entire country plays some musical instrument and plays it well.

"I wish you would take your atlas and find Hungary on your map of Europe. You remember it was a part of the old Austrian-Hungarian empire before the war. But now

it is an independent republic. You probably will not be able to pronounce many of the names of the towns, so it is a lucky thing for Father that I wrote this letter from Budapest instead of from Hajdu Bezormeny or Zalaszentivan.

"The people one sees in the streets are of many different nationalities, but the real Hungarian people are the Magyars, who are of Oriental descent. There are a great many gypsies living in Hungary also, and they are the best of the folk musicians.

"First I want to tell you of the Hungarian dance, the Czardas, which is, I suppose, the real national dance of Hungary. It takes its name from an old inn where it was first danced by the peasants hundreds of years ago. The Czardas is of two distinct parts, a slow andante, which is called the Lassen, and a rapid dance called the Friska. The Lassen is a slow, melancholy minor air and the Czardas usually begins with this. The dancers dance faster and faster as they swing into a Friska and then drop back to the Lassen for a rest. Then they dash back into a Friska and so it goes on until one would think they would be exhausted. I hope Father has a real lively Czardas for you to hear first, and then I want him to play on either the player or the phonograph the Sixth Hungarian Dance by Brahms."

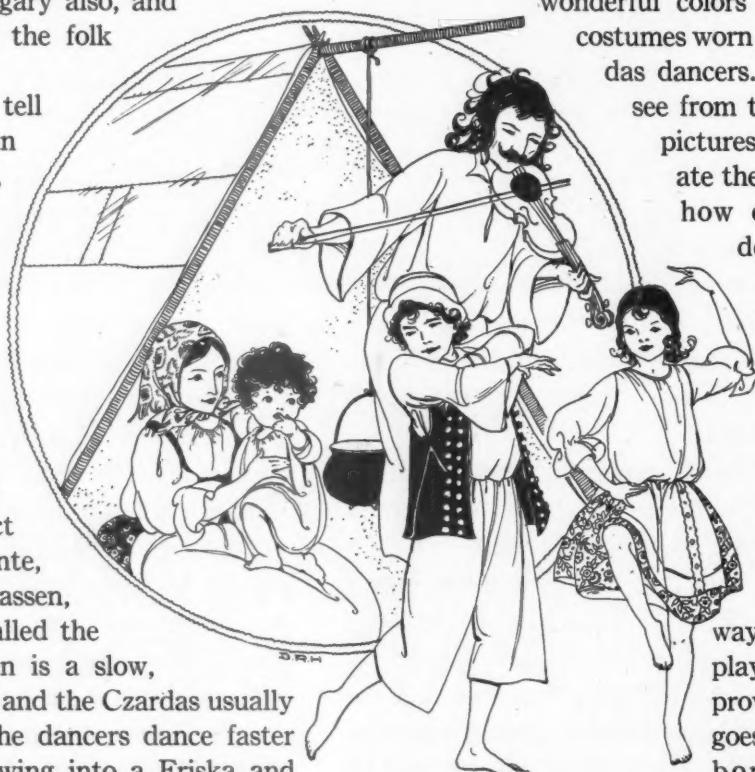
"Well," said Father, "I found a record of a Czardas played by a cembalon, which is the old Hungarian instrument. It is played by little hammers which strike on metal bars. I think you children used to have one for a plaything when you were little."

"Oh, I know what you mean!" said Doris. "We have an old one up in the attic but

I never could make a real tune on it."

"I think you'll agree with me that this Hungarian cembalon player can make a real tune on his," laughed Father. And when the record was finished the family all agreed with him. They enjoyed following the form of the Lassen and the Friska as the great composer Brahms used them in the Sixth of his famous dances. Then Father took up the letter again.

"I wish that I might describe to you the wonderful colors of the gay costumes worn by the czardas dancers. You can see from the postcard pictures how elaborate they are. But how can I ever describe the wonderful gypsy orchestras? The men all wear red coats trimmed with gold. The leader, who is always a violinist, plays and improvises as he goes along, elaborating the



melodies with numerous fancy trills. How the orchestra ever knows what he is going to do next I cannot understand, for we heard the same orchestra play the same airs many times but never twice in exactly the same way. The players have such a keen rhythmic sense, however, that they are always playing in perfect time together. I do wish you might hear them."

"Aunt Margaret would be surprised if she could know that we are hearing a real gypsy orchestra right here tonight," said Father, as he put a record on the phonograph. "You look at the pictures of the orchestra while the record is playing and imagine you are right in Hungary. This record is an improvisation

on some old Hungarian tunes and I think many of them will sound familiar to you."

The family was delighted with the spirited music and then Father took up the letter again.

"There are not as many folk songs in Hungary as in other lands," wrote Aunt Margaret. "Some of the same airs have many different sets of words. One of the oldest songs is about the 'Heron,' and there are a number of different verses set to this same air. Both Liszt and Brahms use this air, too, and it is a very popular one with the gypsy orchestras."

"We might try to sing it," said Father, after the record had been played. "It is not easy to sing English to these Hungarian tunes because the accent does not fit the music. Many of the Hungarian words have heavily accented first syllables and that is why the airs sound so strange to us."

"The Hungarians are fond of songs of melancholy love," wrote Aunt Margaret. "They have many songs of autumn and much of their music is in the minor mood. They are a rather melancholy people but they always drown their sorrows in reckless gaiety the next moment; that is why there are so many sudden changes in their music. Even the songs telling of the broken-hearted lover have gay dance interludes.

"They have many songs about horses, for one of the chief occupations of the country is raising horses. I suggest that Father sing for you one of his old songs called 'Had a Horse.' It is by Francis Korbay, a modern Hungarian composer who died in 1914. He was one of the Hungarian musicians who brought for-

ward many of the best of the Hungarian folk songs."

After Father had finished this stirring song he told them the story of Mohac's Field and that led into stories about Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot. And then, of course, he had to sing the song about "Louis Kossuth," and after that came the famous "Marche Rackoczy," which has been a great influence in arousing Hungarian patriotism.

"I know this is a long letter," continued Auntie, "but I do want you to hear one or two of the real Hungarian folk songs such as 'Miska and Panni,' and 'Palko and Jan-ko' (another song about Hungarian horses). Then

there are the gay gypsy songs 'From the Smiling Fields of Rakosh' and 'Broken is My Violin.'

"Maybe you'd better close your geography game this evening by hearing some of the lovely evening songs of Hungary. There are two especially beautiful ones: 'Moonlight and Starry Night' and 'Sea of Stars.' They will be a better preparation for bed, I fancy, than all the rousing syncopated melodies you have been hearing. But I do hope that when you hear the Hungarian music used by all the great composers you will remember how much we owe to the gypsy musicians of the little country of Hungary."



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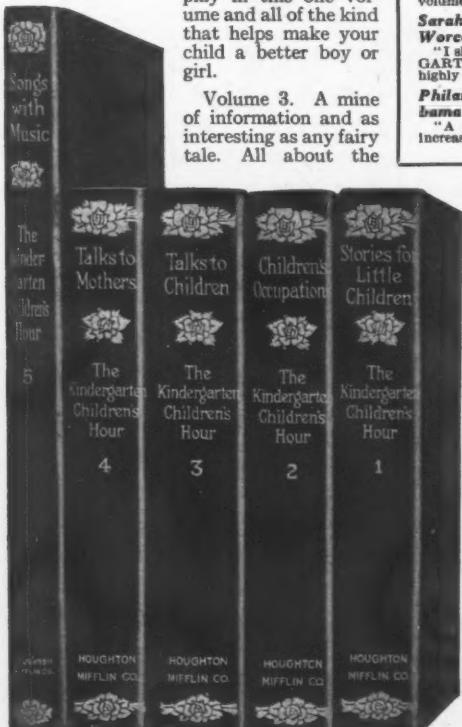
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## Parent's Page

Conducted by HELEN B. PAULSEN—*The Mother Goose Lady*

Dear Father and Mother:

In the rime about the blackbird pie that we quoted last month we found Mother Goose implying the twenty-four hours of the day that come to us to spend as we choose. How shall we divide these hours? We are told that we have "eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work and eight hours for leisure and recreation." The hours need not always be used consecutively in these ways—tied in bundles like onions—but we have no right to steal hours habitually from any of these divisions to be used in any of the other divisions.

Particularly is this true of sleep. If a child is under nineteen years of age he should sleep at least nine hours. It is well for our high school boys and girls to remember this, so that they may keep up the efficiency of their classes. If it is hard for you to get up in the morning, then go to bed earlier than you have been going! School children who do not stay in bed long enough often fall asleep when the teacher is explaining an important point. This may cause them to fail and then the teacher herself is held responsible for the failure.

But the teacher is sometimes to blame. I have known school teachers who did not spend the right amount of time in bed and then, when they went to school the next morning, "took it out on their pupils."

I have also known parents who did not spend the right amount of time sleeping. And you cannot blame their children for wishing that they had some other parents!

Lack of sleep may cause discord of various kinds. When we are cross and the red signal flashes on, it often means "more rest needed."

One of our Juvenile Court workers gives us this illustration. A certain boy, a ward of the court, was really vicious. As he came from a fairly good home and as his parents were doing much for his betterment his case was puzzling. At last the judge asked the worker to study the case. She made this report. "After studying the boy I asked the judge to take him away from his father and mother and let me take charge of him for six months. The judge let me have the boy and I took him out on a farm. I told the farmer I wanted the boy to sleep. 'Don't you want him to work?' he asked me in surprise. 'Yes,' I replied, 'when he is awake. But the court has sent him out here so that he can sleep—sleep just as long as he wishes to!' So the boy slept and in three weeks he was as fine a boy as you could wish. You see, before his trip to the farm he had been out on the streets late at night, over-stimulated by his gang and by our shows. Then every morning he had risen early and all this had been going on until he was not fit company for himself, to say nothing of being fit company for his group."

Another illustration of what may happen when we are too tired to think clearly: A man lost his right arm. He had a family to provide for and he needed his arm to help earn his living and theirs. Why did he lose it? The man at the machinery beside which he worked had not spent his sleeping time or leisure time properly the day before and therefore was incapable of running the machinery. And the other fellow had to suffer. To play fair to the group we must play fair with ourselves.

Don't sleep too much but be sure that you get the right amount for yourself and for your children. If you wish to help your child with his school work, see that he gets plenty of sleep. If he cannot sleep enough he can at least rest, and rest is quite as valuable as sleep.

Add the resting and sleeping time to the first hours of the night rather than to the hours of the morning. A safety first rule is to get out of bed the moment you awaken. No day dreaming! Morning hours are precious and should be mastered by the individual.

Be sure that your family is up early so that the children can get off to school without a last minute rush and an avalanche of cross words. Visiting in a home where the atmosphere was one of peace and calm, I commented upon it. The mother said, "It was not always so. We used to get up the last minute each morning. And I used to keep saying, 'Now hurry! You will be late for school. You can't go a step until you eat your breakfast!' And so forth! The children would leave the house with the sound of my scolding, ringing in their ears. One day it suddenly came over me what I was doing. What a dreadful state of mind the children were in as I sent them off to school! No kiss, no happy word of love and encouragement! Right then I decided we would get up half an hour earlier in the morning. We have been doing so for three years now. The children are sent to school in a happy frame of mind and their school work is much better. As Mrs. James Sommers says, 'the hours before school determine the tone of a child's day and those hours should be sacred to the children.'"

Has a lack of regulation of sleeping time ever caused discord in your surroundings? Let's change the cause and not blame, scold or punish the very bad results. If I were a Juvenile Court judge I am sure that one of the first things I would manage to discover would be the amount of sleep each night that the boys and girls who came before me had had.

'King of my time! Master of my hours! While on the street or while waiting for a train, at home and at school, these hours are always mine—mine to use in the best way possible. No need for fret or worry, if I am their master!'

## NELKE



## NEWS

*This diamond trade mark is on* all genuine Nelke Soft Toys

Published by the NELKE CORPORATION—2000 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Vol. 1, No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1923

Price: Attractive

**Nelke Puss and Pup  
are Friends Again**

As everyone in Nelketown knows, the Nelke pup and the Nelke cat never got along well together. They live right next door to each other and you'd think they could keep from quarreling, but if it wasn't one thing it was another. On Thanksgiving day, however, Miss Pussy thought she'd like to make up, so she invited Mr. Pup to her party and now he says he'll never fight with her again!

**Bear Frightens Nan  
in Nelketown Woods**

An accident happened the other day when Miss Nelke Nan was driving her kiddie car down by the Nelketown woods. A big brown bear came out into the middle of the road and frightened her so much that she ran right into a tree. But Nan wasn't hurt at all; she didn't even soil her pretty white dress.

Bobby heard Nan's cries and came running up with his big club in his hand. He arrested Bruin and took him off to jail and here is a picture to show just how strict a "cop" he can be!



BOB ARRESTED THE BEAR

**FREE SUBSCRIPTION OFFER**

There's a little book, all illustrated in colors, that tells you about one little girl and her Nelke family. We're just waiting to send you a copy. All you have to do is to tell us your name and ask for "The World's Happiest Family."

**NAN AND NED NELKE NEWLY NAMED  
Great Rejoicing in Nelke Family**

The Nelke girl and the Nelke boy were feeling very sad. They were awfully tired of being called just "boy" and "girl." As the girl said, "It's all right to call a pig 'piggy,'" but it's different when you're a real little girl—you just have to have a name." They were put up on a high shelf in a great big store and pretty soon somebody came and took them off the shelf and a big man put them in his pocket.

"Goody," said the boy, "now we'll belong to somebody and maybe we'll get named."

The big man gave them to a little girl named Ruth who was the nicest little girl you ever saw. She hugged them just as tight as anything and right away she said, "I'm going to give you each a

name. I'll call you Nan"—she gave the girl doll an extra big kiss—"and the boy will be Ned."

So that was all right!

Then Ruth had a birthday and the big man who was her father brought home a Nelke clown and Nelke cop in a beautiful new uniform.

The first thing Nan said to the clown and the cop was, "What are your names?" But the poor cop and clown had to hang their heads, for they hadn't any.

"Never mind," said Nan who was very kind-hearted, "our mother will soon name you." And sure enough she did!

So Bobby, the cop, and Nick, the clown, were made just as happy as Nan and Ned.



MISS NELKE NAN

**A VISIT TO  
SANTA'S WORKSHOP**

It was just one month before Christmas when Santa Claus asked me to ride in his reindeer sleigh up to his storehouse and look at all the lovely toys he had made during the year. The reindeer took us high over all the roofs of the houses and it wasn't a minute before we got to the North Pole. And there it was—sticking right through the roof of Santa's workshop.

While Santa Claus and I were going from one room to another we met a little bunny rabbit. And he was the saddest little bunny you ever saw, because he was lost. But he stopped crying fast enough when Santa Claus picked him up and we started out to find it. Down one corridor we went and up the next, till we saw a sign that looked just like this:



That was where the bunny rabbit belonged, for as he came in there was the greatest sound of pigs squealing for joy and dolls clapping their hands that you ever heard. All the other toys were so excited to see him back that they jumped up and down for joy. And what a lot of them there were—boys and girls, cops and clowns and animals of most every sort you can imagine. It was such a big room and there were so many toys that I'm sure every little boy or girl will find one in his stocking after Santa Claus has been around.

Don't you hope you do, anyway?

**BIRTHDAY OF NICK  
THE CLOWN**

Just think of all the best times you ever had and roll them into one—that's the kind of time everyone in Nelketown had when Nick, the Clown, gave a birthday party.

It was a real circus, with Nick performing tricks and Bruin, the Nelke Bear, doing all sorts of clever things that you'd never imagine a bear could do.

Piggy, dressed up in spandy clean ruffles, squealed with delight and Puss wore her newest boots with bright red tops.

And everyone was so good that Bobby, the cop, didn't have a single thing to do all afternoon but eat ice cream and angel cake.

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER**

If, by any chance, your dealer has no Nelke Soft Toys in stock, we will be glad to supply you. 12 in. size, \$1.00; 14 in., \$1.50; 18 in., \$2.50. State whether you want Nelke Boy, Girl, Puppy, Kitten, Bunny, Bear, Cop or Clown.



## PUZZLE—FIND THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

HELEN HUDSON

OH, OFF to the ball now have  
gone the proud sisters,  
Most gorgeous in festive attire.  
Alone in the kitchen now wistfully  
dreaming,  
Cinderella just sits by the fire.

Her godmother kind as reward for  
her goodness  
Is planning the magic surprise:  
Now where, may I ask, is that kind  
fairy hiding?  
You'll see if you'll just use your  
eyes.

# THE JOLLY J'S.

BY HELENE NYCE



Long time ago—  
Johnnie cut a  
fishing pole for himself—



And Jenny AND Jock!  
Fishing was dull work for  
Jock until —



He sniffed a scent  
so exciting that  
he jumped up —



And made a  
bee line  
to —



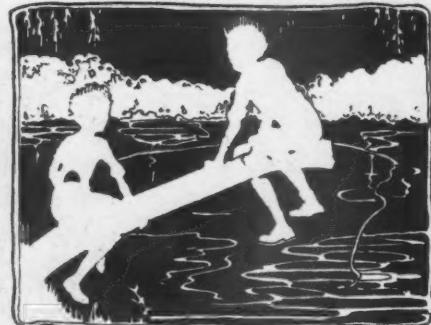
The open door Ma  
was fishing too — the  
fish swam in a brown sea.



She gave Jock one.  
Then carried a great  
panful to the spring house —



Jock had a bright  
idea — he peered  
into the deep  
sea — and —



When Jenny and Johnny  
missed him and  
ran to tell ma —



They found Jock  
fishing for doughnuts

# Schoenhut Toys

Made in U. S. A. since 1872.

American ingenuity and invention



All-Wood Girl Doll  
No. 16/317C/574

Illustrating an All-Wood Doll, 17 inches high, with closing eyes and curly wig; nicely dressed with White, Pink or Blue poplin.

Will be mailed to any address in the U. S. upon the receipt of \$9.00. Can furnish without dress at \$6.50.

THE TOYS you give this Christmas—where will they be a year from now? One well-made toy, still in affectionate use, is better than a wastebasket full of fragile cast-offs.

That is why reliable toy departments recommend Schoenhut Toys. They have been staunchly made by American craftsmen since 1872, when Mr. Schoenhut opened his small toy factory in Philadelphia. Today there are thousands of fascinating Schoenhut Toys. They are the standard by which all toys are judged.

Whether you spend 50 cents or \$50 on Christmas toys, it will pay you to look for the Schoenhut name.

## Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls

are made entirely of wood, firmly jointed with patented swivel connections and steel spring hinges having a double spring tension. They do not come apart. They are practically unbreakable. Children love them dearly because they will stand or sit in practically any position, a metal foot-stand being furnished with each doll. They are painted with enamel oil colors that do not come off. They come with either finest quality mohair wigs or with hair



carved and painted on the wooden head, and may be had with either conventional or natural child faces. Eyes movable or fixed. A whole family to choose from—the world's only educational doll. Send for our illustrated doll booklet. If your dealer cannot supply you with Schoenhut's Dolls, we shall be glad to do so direct from the factory.



All-Wood Infant Doll  
No. 14/107/W 550

Illustrating an All-Wood Doll, 14 inches high, stationary eyes and bob cut wig; nicely dressed in white lawn.

Will be mailed to any address in the U. S. upon the receipt of \$6.00. Can furnish without dress at \$3.50.

## Alphie Blocks

The Schoenhut Alphie Blocks are cute, chubby, attractive little creatures, each of which has a separate personality to endear itself to the childish mind. In shape, the blocks present the semblance of human figures. They are handsomely lithographed on both sides; one side a cute little child, the other a funny little animal; each block a different design. A different letter of the alphabet appears on the front and back of each block; so arranged that a half set provides a complete alphabet. They are made of hard wood—5" high, 2 1/8" wide, and about 1/8" thick. Flat on the tops, bottoms and sides, they can be used in innumerable ways for building, spelling, ten pins, etc. Several rubber balls come with each set.

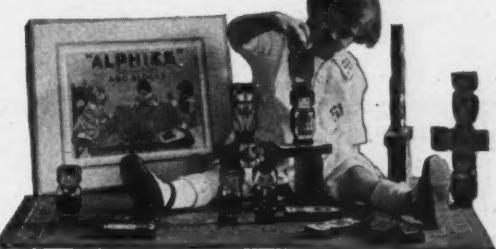


Toy Pianos

The Schoenhut Toy Piano has accurate notes. Real tunes can be played upon it. The keys are the same width as on grown-up pianos, so that the child learns to spread her fingers properly. Schoenhut Toy Pianos are sold by practically all toy dealers and music stores. There are 42 variations of sizes and styles, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$40.00 each. They should not be ordered from the factory, as it is not practical to ship them by parcel post. Get them from your dealer, and make sure that the name "Schoenhut" is on the front of the piano. Schoenhut's toy pianos have been famous for 50 years.

### Look for the Name "Schoenhut"

With Schoenhut Toys in all good stores, no mother need put in the hands of her child carelessly conceived or cheaply constructed toys that break a few days after Christmas; toys with paint that comes off; toys that confuse the child's growing thoughts. Every Schoenhut Toy means education cleverly interwoven with amusement. Look for the name "Schoenhut" which appears on every toy or package.



Humpty-Dumpty Circus (Illustrated below)

Here are the toys that every boy and girl in the United States is longing for this Christmas. Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys are made of solid wood, firmly jointed with strongest elastic cord. They are attractively enameled in natural colors. With a Humpty-Dumpty Circus you can have all the thrills of the big tent right in your own home. The toys can be put through all kinds of contortions. Here is the elephant standing on his hind legs and there is the clown balancing himself on a ladder. They will stay that way, too, until you take them down. Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys can be bought in sets from \$1.00 to \$35.00, according to the number of pieces. You can start a circus with a few pieces and then keep adding to it until you have "the greatest show on earth" right on your play room floor—horses, dogs, donkeys, elephants, everything that goes to make up a real circus. It is more fun than you can shake a stick at, and mother won't get mad, because there is nothing that will soil your clothes or mar the furniture. If you can't get these toys at your regular toy shop, send us its name and we will mail you an illustrated catalog free.



"The Greatest Play Toy in the World"

The A. Schoenhut Company, 2294 East Hagert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

# WHITE RHINOCEROS JUNIOR

By EDYTH EUSTACE

*The African explorer and huntress whose studies of the jungle animals are internationally known in both film and story.*

**B**ECAUSE I am an only child my mother thinks the world of me. Do you know my name? It is "Um-kombi," which means "He who gets there in spite of all difficulties." A long meaning for one word? Well, perhaps, but we are like that in Africa, you know.

If to belong to a very old family makes one an aristocrat, then our family is very high up in the social scale. We do not look very aristocratic, you say? Never mind! "Handsome is as handsome does," and we are strong and brave. More than that, we never start a quarrel with anyone else. We are more like our ancient ancestors than any other animal can claim to be.

A little while ago some one dug up, out of the River Thames, which is in London, England, some very ancient bones of rhinoceros, which are more like my head and Mother's than any other living animal. Many thousands of years ago these prehistoric rhinos walked about on the banks of this big river. Hundreds and hundreds of them lived there and we are the only ones remaining of the same family. We belong to an age gone by.

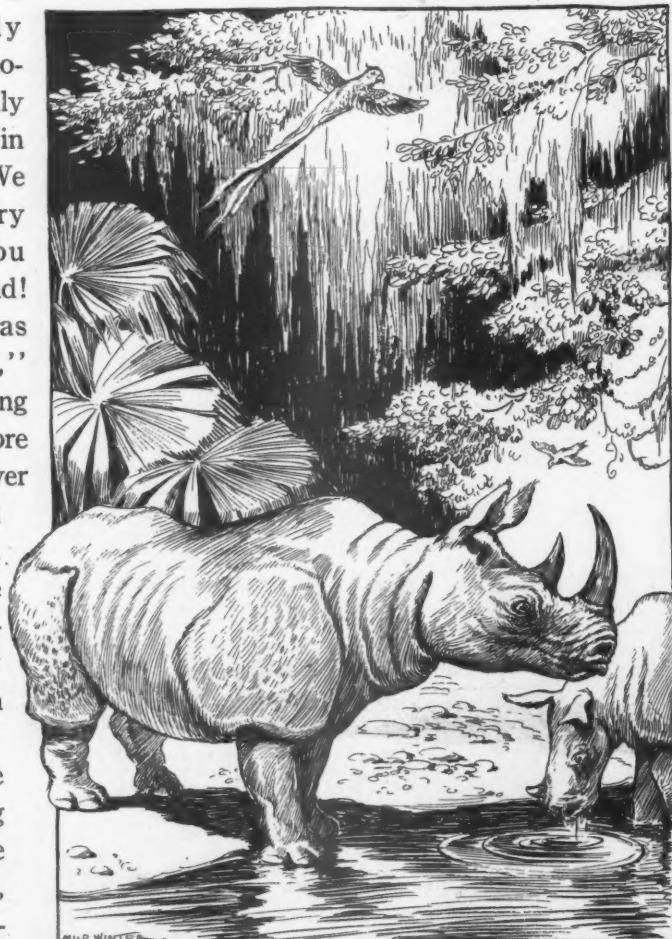
In fact, there are really very few of us left.

Except that my long nose-horn has not yet started to grow, I am just the very image of my mother. We have three toes on each foot, thick rough greyish skins, rather short legs, but very big bodies. We have not much tail, but beautifully big heads with large ears that have a kind of stalk to them, where they fit on. This is very convenient; because our servant, the "tick-bird," gets inside to clear out ticks and flies and things which worry us, and if he tickles, as he often does, we just flick our ear and throw him out. He never stops out, though; he just flutters and runs up our shoulders and hops in again. Mother is teaching me the "Lullaby of Umkombi." It begins "Oh stop your tickling, Jock."

Our noses are rather long and square at the end. Mother's is very

square. You see that long horn on it? It is not really horn, like the horn of an antelope or buffalo. It is made of hairs all pressed very tightly, with the lower ends upspringing from a piece of bone shaped like a saucer. No one knows why we grow a hair horn; perhaps our London ancestors began it.

I live a very happy life. I like to roll in the





runs ahead, puts down her big nose and with her big horn pokes me round the way she wants to go. When she does that I know that she is afraid of something hurting me, and I am generally very obedient.

If anyone should want to catch me, they would have to kill her first; but I am quite capable of fighting and charging myself, even though I am only a junior. When I am cross, I squeal very loud, and then Mother nearly goes mad.

One day I saw my father fighting with another "U m k o m b i"; they are so big that they take a long while over their quarrels.

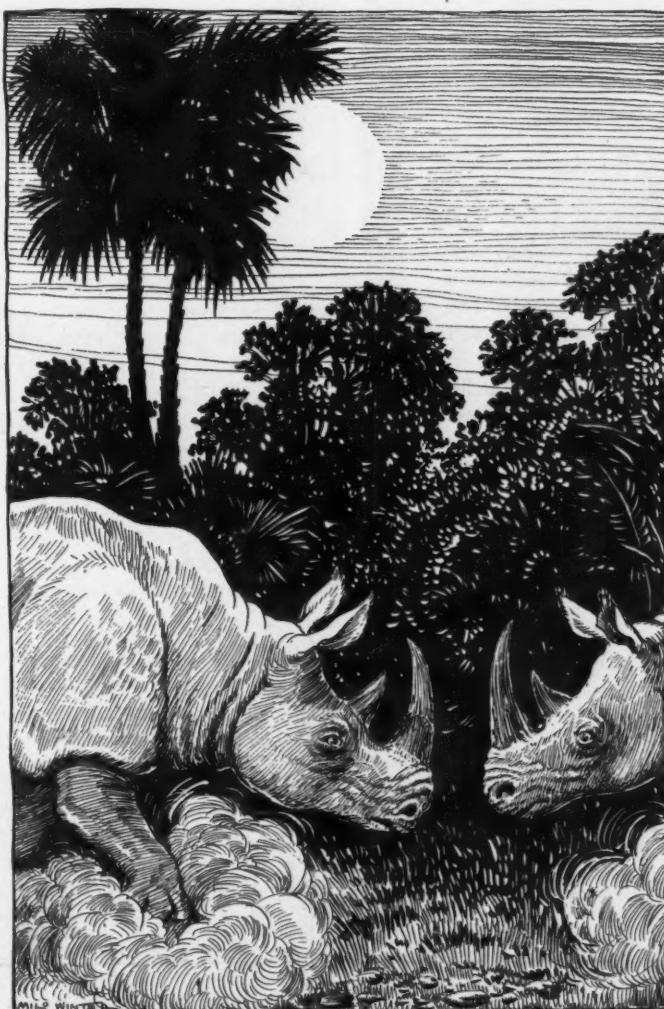
First, they walk around as if they were going for a stroll. Then they stand nose to nose for a long time without moving. Then, at the same moment, they both draw back and come rushing forward until they meet with a great crash. After this they stand nose to nose for another long while; then they charge each other again. And they do this many

many times before they begin the real fight with the horns on their noses. Sometimes they will fight for six hours before one gets the final stroke which drives him away to die alone in some dismal place.

Of course, we realize that we are not nearly so beautiful as most animals, and Mother says that very probably the other jungle folks talk about how homely we are when we aren't near enough to hear. Of course, they wouldn't dare to make remarks like that before us. However, we live so much longer and get along so well with most of them that we really don't care if we are ugly—that is, we don't care very much.

The rhino and elephant and old buffalo nearly always die in the swamps. They go there for water and tender grass

and very often get what is called "bogged," then they sink out of sight. That is why no one has ever found the fabled "elephants' graveyard" and never will, unless the swamps can be drained. The tsetse-fly is one of our greatest foes, but lions and leopards seldom attack us. You see, we rhinos have very few enemies and so we live a long, long time.



## Sew it with Bartons

*"Folded double—half the trouble"*

**B**ARTONS Double Fold bias for binding and trimming is a really valuable help to mothers in making attractive little garments for little boys and girls. Whenever you make dresses, rompers, underwear, bed-spreads, table-runners, luncheon sets, hats, window curtains, or any of the numerous other things that require the use of bias, be sure to use Bartons Double-fold bias for binding and trimming.

Bartons Red-E-Trim binds and trims in one operation, saving time and trouble. It can be bought in a variety of colors and materials. The taffeta, especially is popular for fall and winter garments.

Red-E-Hem is a new and decidedly useful Barton product. It incorporates a fine hemstitched edge in a double-fold bias. Put on just like a plain binding.



BARTONS BIAS NARROW FABRIC CO., INC.  
64-68 Worth Street

New York City

**BARTONS**  
RED E TRIM  
"It Washes" "Fast Colors"

## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number VI

By RUTH BRADFORD

**N**o TURKEY for my Thanksgiving dinner, thank you! I prefer the fish that I can catch myself. My, but they're tasty! I grab them tightly in my paws and chew them with my strong sharp teeth. I begin at the head and eat everything but the tail. Um—m!

Professors generally call me LUTRA CANADENSIS, but I hope you'll guess my every-day name. I'm really worth knowing. I have a cousin who is a weasel and who is just crazy about catching rats. I have also another cousin who lives at sea. I don't mean to brag but he wears a \$1,000 fur coat. My own coat is stylish and thick and quite valuable, too. Just look at it and at my body—two and a half feet long, if you please, not counting my interesting tail! Notice, too, my short front feet and my webbed hind ones.

I'm certainly in the swim even if I am called a land animal, for I always take first prize in water sports. Really, I can swim better than a fish and can dive like a streak of lightning.

I dive in order to go in my own front door—which is under water. Sometimes our nests are found in caves or under hollow trees. We take good care of our babies—we generally have from two to five of them—and my, but they are cunning! They are ever so smart and lovable and full of fun. All our family like a good time and just dote on sliding down hills into the water. In the winter you ought to watch us go coasting down steep snowbanks!

You see I'm no poor fish, though if I had lived in the Middle Ages folks would have called me one.

# WHO'S WHO in the ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



## NUMBER SIX

Dear Children: Read about me on the preceding page, **guess my name and color me in my really truly colors.** Then send me before November 15 to Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Be sure and

send your name and age and address with your page. The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next-best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



**Keep  
Their Minds and Bodies Busy  
with BUBBLE BOOKS**

ALL a mother has to do nowadays to introduce her children to the Mother Goose of her childhood, is to put on the phonograph one of the delightful records from the Bubble Books.

These are not ordinary record books. Oh, no. Nor are they just illustrated story books. They're a delightful combination of stories and colorful pictures and records with a gaily dressed cover. Children love them at sight.

Every Bubble Book holds three complete records in pockets that are formed by the pages of the book. These records sing the Mother Goose rhymes and games that are printed on the pages. The verses form part of the simple story, so charmingly told in each of the

**BUBBLE BOOKS**  
**"that Sing"**

By RALPH MAYHEW and BURGES JOHNSON  
*Pictures by Rhoda Chase*

Children love to read the story as they play the records. The very little ones who cannot read, enjoy looking at the pictures and listening to the quaint songs and funny sounds that make of the Bubble Books such joyous things. Simple Simon, Old King Cole, Little Bo-Peep and the many other Mother Goose folks and animals, dance and prance on the pages. The youngsters very quickly catch the gay spirit.

You needn't worry now that your children will get into mischief when you're not around. Their minds and bodies are kept occupied and happy every minute when they own Bubble Books.

Try an experiment this week. Go into any good phonograph, department or book store and buy yourself many leisure hours for \$1.00, the price of a single Bubble Book. *There are fourteen of these "books that sing"—each one full of good times for the children and peaceful moments for mother.*

Ask in the store about Bubble Book Hour.



**HARPER & BROTHERS**  
49 East 33rd St. (Est. 1817) NEW YORK

**WHO'S WHO  
IN THE ZOO**

**SEPTEMBER COLOR  
CONTEST**

**SOLUTION**

Flamingo: color, bright scarlet or rosy pink and black, legs red or pinkish red.

**WINNERS**

WILMA JANE AUCK, 602 S. Walnut St., Bucyrus, Ohio, age 10.

JEAN JACOB SZAFIR, 914 North St., Beaumont Texas, age 8.

**HONOR ROLL I**

Herbert Annan, Dorothy Allen, Alice M. Arriteig, John Arrington, Jr., Dean Bunn, Woodford B. Brown, Edward Brittenham, Ethel Bliss, Elizabeth Bixby, Anne Binley, Frijns-Anna Bruns, Jeanice Beers, Armilda Babcock, Helen Mary Brown, Lovina M. Buellage, Mary Benjamin, Dolly Beeching, Sarah E. Broome, Elizabeth Brooks, Elizabeth Bailey, Shirley Brown, Barbara Belcher, Margaret Cook, Maria M. Coxe, Charles Cohn, Gordon Carmody, Markham Coleman, Barbara Cowans, Elizabeth Crow, Marjorie Cowan, Frances Colbert, Anabel Crowell, Edith Cummin, Ellen Jane Cooley, John Dewey, Dolly Dalrymple, Jane Hunt Davis, Vincent Diehl, Maud E. Ely, Martha Plant Ellis, Martha Eurich, Eugenia Edwards, Betty Edwards, Jean Eggston, Bobbie Hughes Forster, Donald Fallgatter, Jane Freeman, Arden Barbara Fortney, Rachel Farley, Caroline Foster, Lucile Fuller, Betty Forbes, Martha Frank, May Gould, Annabel Goldthwaite, Ruth Gibbons, Albert M. Heizel, Joan Hurley, Mercedes Hester, Betty Mae Herold, Dorothy Holman, Marjorie Hall, Ethel Violet Hunter, Betty Holmes, Louise Hartman, Angela Hilgenberg, Berita Hulse, Edward G. Hauberge, Lucille Ilgandas, Claudia Irsch, Bertram Jubb, Edith Jones, Francis Johnston, Jean Johnson, Katherine Jackson, Dorothy Kenniston, Jack Lawrence, Elsie Lenoir, Signe Medelfart, Robert Montgomery, Richard Morean, Harvey McMurtry, Albert Miller, Henry May, Mike McCarthy, Robert Mulliken, Charlotte Morrow, Betty Mosenthal, Jean Murphy, Hilda M. McLeod, Margaret McGinnis, Ellen K. Millsake, Ossia Maranar, Jane McKendree, Pamela McCaughay, Anna McCandless, Justine Manourvire, Hattie Moors, Aurell Nelson, Clinton H. Nichols, Alice J. Nolan, Ann Nelson, Jane Overington, Stuart Pitt, Betty Pearce, Viola Parker, Edith Patterson, Alison Rush, Marion Roberts, Margaret Ritner, Harriette Rogers, Betty Reay, Anne W. Rose, Ruth Riegel, Frances Rockwell, Billie Smith, Carl Strauss, Volney Spalding, Della W. Shadett, Verna Sedgwick, Maud Schaub, Evelyn Sears, Martha Sparks, Betty Shannon, Lois Shaw, Judith Steele, Velma Stover, Margaret Seat, Dorothy M. Snedegar, Ruth Skidmore, Constance Shaw, Suzanna Stinson, Jean Sapiro, Jack Strong, Franklin Tice, Mary Terrell, Ruth Todd, Annetta Threlkeld, Doris Tuell, Ethlyn Thompson, Naomi Tufts, Jane Tait, Madeline Thaw, Marion Terstegen, Alice Ulrich Frederick Whiteside, Elizabeth Weeks, Lucile Wynn, Margaret Woodson, Marion Weisburg, Christine White, Sarah Williams, Marjorie Wyckoff, Julianne M. Wright, L. C. Wurtile, Lindsay Wilson Jr., Ruth Woodward, Robin Whitman.

**HONOR ROLL II**

Helen Adams, Dorothy Bush, Eloise Boyer, Laurie Burnaly, Esther Brennan, Leslie Brooks, King Beach, Lynda Bedell, Crystle Cory, Catherine Clarke, Feneza D'Esopo, Madeline Enman, Jimmy Eckman, Rosemary Farr, Mary Ellen Funk, Maple Fader, Gertrude Floody, Elizabeth Guthrie, Rosalind Boyer Grooms, Louise Howard, Betty Halliday, Betty Hoag, Janet Hinatvoid, Ralph D. Klene, Abbott Lipsky, Katherine Leopold, Margaret Leix, Sylvia F. Lardner, Kathleen Loker, Billy MacLeod, Gertrude Millard, Carmen More, Elizabeth M. McKenzie, Margaret MacNiel, Marjorie Ongie, Janet Pratt, Sarah B. Palmer, Clara Roedel, Adelaide Ready, Eleanor Reddington, James Rittenberry, Reggy L. Reed, Janet Stewart, Margaret Smith, Andre Sapiro, John P. Tomlinson, Claude Trusler, Jr., Mary Wooldridge, Dorothy L. Waggoner, Ethelyn Watt, Virginia E. Walker, Frances E. Wallace, Paul Wisehaupt, Robert Wall, Barbara Warner, Phyllis Waldrep.

## FEAST OF ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 707)

*[later he thrusts his head in at the door, gives them a broad grin and winks slyly.]* 'Tis a jolly sight, I tell you, to see Robin Hood play host to the high sheriff.

NANCY (clapping her hands): Oh, Lord Twiddlewinks, I'm awfully glad we didn't choose any of the others to guide us on this adventure trip. I can hardly wait to see Maid Marian.

JERRY (to LADY TWIDDLEWINKS who has raised her wand again): Please don't call anybody else. We couldn't find anyone who would be as much fun as Robin Hood. I do want to see him get the best of that old sheriff.

LORD TWIDDLEWINKS: We take it back; you are good judges of adventure after all. [To his wife.] And now, my love, that Jerry and Nancy have decided on their adventure, we'd better hurry on to the next children.

NANCY: But where will we find the jolly Robin Hood again?

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS: Why, just inside the magic doorway, dear. [She pulls back the curtains of the shelves, revealing several rows of books.]

LADY TWIDDLEWINKS: Good-bye. I hope that you'll enjoy hunting for the king's deer.

[She waves to them and LORD TWIDDLEWINKS bows. They exit, back. The children stare after them a moment, before they grasp the meaning of her words. Then they rush for the bookcase, and JERRY pulls out the book they want. They sit on the couch side by side, poring over it. A hunting horn is heard in the distance and sounds again while the orchestra plays the opening measures of Act I of *Reginald de Koven's operetta, "Robin Hood."* Then in bound ROBIN HOOD and his men and, engaging in a dance suggestive of the hunt, sing the Opening Chorus of the act.

### ROBIN HOOD'S MEN:

A hunting we'll go  
Tra ra ra tra ra!  
We'll chase for the roe  
Tra ra ra tra ra!  
Oh, where is the band so jolly  
As Robin's band in their Lincoln  
green?  
Their life is gay, rollicking life, I  
ween.

[ROBIN HOOD blows another blast on his horn, and the curtain falls.]



# From his first step- soles and heels of LEATHER

THE tiny, fairy-stitched shoes in which he takes his first tottering steps have soles of LEATHER.

Doctors know, and so do shoemakers, that there is nothing else that so lets little feet grow naturally and straight, that will give them the support they need and yet has the proper amount of "give."

The leather that goes into soles and heels of shoes is composed of hundreds upon hundreds of tiny fibres. Nature tightly weaves these together, leaving the air spaces between. The tanning processes preserve the natural



resilience and elasticity of these fibres—makes them even tougher than they were before.

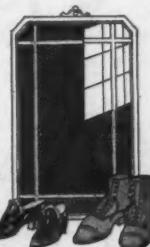
Soles and heels of other materials cause feet to perspire and get cold. Sickness is often the result. But leather really allows little feet to breathe—keeps them healthy and comfortable the year 'round.

That is why for soles and heels—for baby's shoes, for his bigger brother's and sister's and mother's and father's as well—nothing wears like leather—nothing gives the foot-comfort, makes shoes hold their shape and style the way leather does.

*There is nothing like leather—nothing can take its place. Be sure that when you get new shoes they have leather soles and heels. For resoles and heels—insist upon leather.*

AMERICAN SOLE and BELTING LEATHER  
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LEATHER*



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*Children*  
out-of-doors  
all winter in

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## NOW AND THEN

(Continued from page 717)

make the sacrifice, so the next day saw her at the Branch, a bird of sober plumage, but with her costume of the day before done up in two bundles ready to send over on the little raft.

"Lulu Bryan was overjoyed at first. She thanked Kathie again and again, then she began to have misgivings.

"I don't know if I can take them," she said soberly. "I don't know if Ma will let me. She's mighty proud, you know." Suddenly she had an inspiration. "Kathie," she cried, "don't be mad at me for asking it. I know it's horrid of me—but it seems to me I'm just 'bliged to see Pa now. I couldn't bear to be disappointed. Kathie, would you let me pay for the clothes?"

"Pay for the clothes!" exclaimed Kathie, absolutely astounded. "Why, I thought you were poorer than poverty."

"But we're not," declared Lulu earnestly. "We're awfully rich, only there's nothing to buy with our kind of money. Please, Kathie, don't think it's mean of me to ask you. I'd take the things from you, honest I would; but I'm sure Ma will make me give them back unless I pay for them. That would make all the difference with her."

"After much coaxing and talk Kathie finally consented to accept the money, which was procured and sent over to her

just as you saw it in the carpet bag upstairs. When she opened it she was amazed and inclined to protest at the amount, but Lulu assured her that she had paid five thousand dollars for the last shoes she had bought and that it was none too much. 'Beside we have lots of it,' she added.

"So Kathie took it, on the understanding that if her parents objected that she should be at liberty to bring it back, and, wafting kisses across the stream to each other, the children parted, never to meet again.

"Kathie showed the contents of the bag to her father and mother and was surprised to see her mother's eyes fill with tears at sight of it.

"The poor proud people," she exclaimed looking at her husband. Then to Kathie she said gently, 'Keep it, dearie. Soon it will cease to be money, because there will be no Confederacy; but some day one of your grandchildren may like to see it and hear of what you gave for it.'

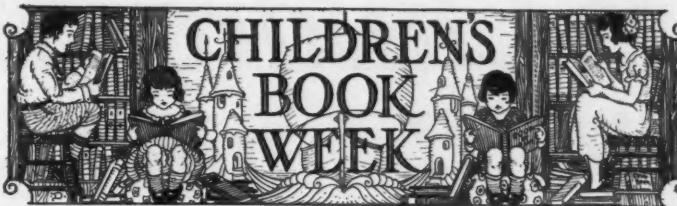
"And, as they couldn't keep the clothes Kathie had sold, they saved the ones bought to replace them, so that her descendants should have something to remind them of the story."

He stopped abruptly as if not wishing to dwell longer on this.

"Haven't we any more history?" Katherine asked. "I just love it."

"Look once more at the bottom of the trunk," Granddaddy suggested.

(Continued in December)



#### THE BURGESS FLOWER BOOK FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

This companion volume to "The Burgess Bird Book for Children" and "The Burgess Animal Book for Children" is an authoritative handbook on many of the most widely distributed of our common wild flowers. The book is beautifully illustrated from photographs, many of which have been exquisitely hand-colored with rare fidelity to nature. It will lead little children into the wonderland of flowers, and at the same time adults will find in it much of pleasure and profit. With illustrations in color and in black-and-white. \$3.00

#### CASTLE BLAIR

By FLORA L. SHAW

This is a new illustrated edition of that delightful book for children of which John Ruskin said years ago: "The book is good, and lovely, and true, having the best description of a noble child (Winnie) that I ever read, and nearly the best description of the next best thing—a noble dog." (For boys and girls 10 to 15.) With illustrations. \$2.00

#### IN DESERT AND WILDERNESS

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

The adventures, in wild and savage Africa, of a resourceful Polish boy of fourteen and a delicate English girl of eight, who are kidnapped by treacherous natives during the days of the Mahdist uprising. The Boston Herald says: "Any child who once opens it will want to own it, for it will reveal vistas of adventure and present high ideals of courage and achievement." (For boys and girls 10 and upwards.) With illustrations. \$2.50

#### THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF MRS. SANTA CLAUS

By SARAH ADDINGTON

A delightful story that tells what happened when poor old Santa Claus fell and broke his leg at Christmas time and how Mrs. Santa Claus took his place and distributed the toys to the children. That's just what she did—and that's where she met her great adventure. (For boys and girls 6 to 12.) With illustrations in color. \$1.75

#### THE GARDEN OF HAPPINESS

By ZOE MEYER

Little people will enjoy reading these delightful out-of-doors stories, about the happenings in the Garden, and they can do it without help if they have had a year in school. (For boys and girls 6 to 10.) With illustrations. \$1.00

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#### WHEN THE CAMP FIRE BURNS

By JOHN HUBERT CORNYN

A splendid collection containing twelve Indian tales, told the author in his childhood by Rene, an Indian chief; Iagoo, a famous story-teller of his tribe; Orono, an Indian doctor; and Baptiste, a French half-breed, as they sat around the wigwam fire in the long Canadian nights. They are of many kinds—or the animals, of the Indians, of magic wrought by good and bad spirits, and each one is woven around some Indian belief or legend or trait. (For boys and girls 7 to 10.) With illustrations. \$1.50

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Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

# Do Children Interfere With Happiness?

*Must parents sacrifice their happiness "for the sake of their children"? Is this sacrifice necessary?*

By MRS. EDWARD MASTERS

THOSE horrid children! What made Grace invite her?"

It was the last night of the house party and Ted and I had been the first to retire. We were almost to our room when I discovered I had left my fan on the divan. Running back, I was half way down the wide open stairway when Agnes Powell's high, strident voice reached me.

For a second I was indignant—enraged! What right had she to criticize my precious youngsters? Then suddenly I felt hopelessly crushed. It was the truth—the exact truth.

As I stole back to my room I thought of how happy Ted and I had been before the babies were born. We were immensely popular—sought after—invited everywhere. After Tommy was born I, of course, had to drop out of things for awhile. Then Joyce came, and gradually we had to give up nearly all our good times.

## A New Start

But now Tommy was five and Joyce three, so I felt I could take more time for my old friends and social activities. But something seemed to be wrong. I would invite a crowd of friends to luncheon and they would come, eagerly enough, but seldom did they return the invitation.

And then came the letter from the Brewsters. They were having some of the old crowd out for the week end—a house warming for their new country home—and Ted and I were invited to come and bring our "darling youngsters."

The Powells drove us out and I couldn't help being proud of how adorable my children looked. But my happiness was short-lived. For Tommy had smuggled along a chocolate bar which he managed to smear down the front of Agnes Powell's new white crepe skirt—then Joyce developed a fit of temper because we hadn't brought her doll along and I actually had to spank her in front of all of them!

The whole visit was a nightmare. Tommy and Joyce had misbehaved in every conceivable way. No wonder no one invited us any more—no wonder no one came to call on us!

In my room I stood looking down at the two little tyrants. Were my precious babies going to shut me off from all my friends? I loved my children but I was just selfish enough to resent losing my old friends. Was this always the way? Did children always interfere with happiness? Of course the sacrifice was well worth while if necessary—but was it always necessary?

For days I struggled with the problem. I realized that something had to be done, and done quickly.

By good fortune I learned of The Parents Association, formed for the purpose of giving the very information I was seeking. I wrote and learned about the new method of Child Training prepared by Professor Beery, President of the Association.

The help I immediately received came as a revelation to me.

Professor Beery's new method explains how best to overcome the faults of early training.

These revelations gave me a most wonderful feeling of confidence. I learned how to control Tommy and Joyce—to break naughty little habits just taking root, and to nourish the sweet ways which everyone loved. Today



"I was indignant—enraged! What right had she to criticize my precious youngsters?"

Ted and I are again tremendously popular—everyone admires our darling babies and insists that we bring them whenever we go



"I thought of how happy Ted and I had been before the babies were born. I loved my children but I was just selfish enough to resent losing my old friends."

any place. I give full credit to The Parents Association and its remarkable new method.

## The Sacred Trust of Parenthood

There is no greater responsibility in the world than that of being a parent. A child is what its parents make it. Heredity, environment and education all count, it's true. But all these points are as nothing compared with the right training in a child's tender and flexible years.

Today The Parents Association is bringing a great constructive help to 30,000 members in the attainment of this high ideal of parenthood.

Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control.

This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. This new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and co-operation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to apply instantly—whether the child

is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old. It does not deal in generalities. It shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly how to meet every emergency.

## A New Method Built on the True Child Nature

The Parents Association, devoted to scientific child training, was founded by Professor Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A. (Harvard and Columbia) after years of scientific research and practical experience in child training. Professor Beery is regarded as one of the greatest authorities on child training.

## Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members at an expense which is trifling as compared with the remarkable results to be secured.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now—before you lay this magazine aside.

If this booklet answers only a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it—and it may open to you undreamed of possibilities of successful parenthood. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a postcard.

**THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Inc.**  
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## THE BEAR HUNT

MARGARET WIDDEMER

I PLAYED I was two polar bears  
Who lived inside a cave of chairs,

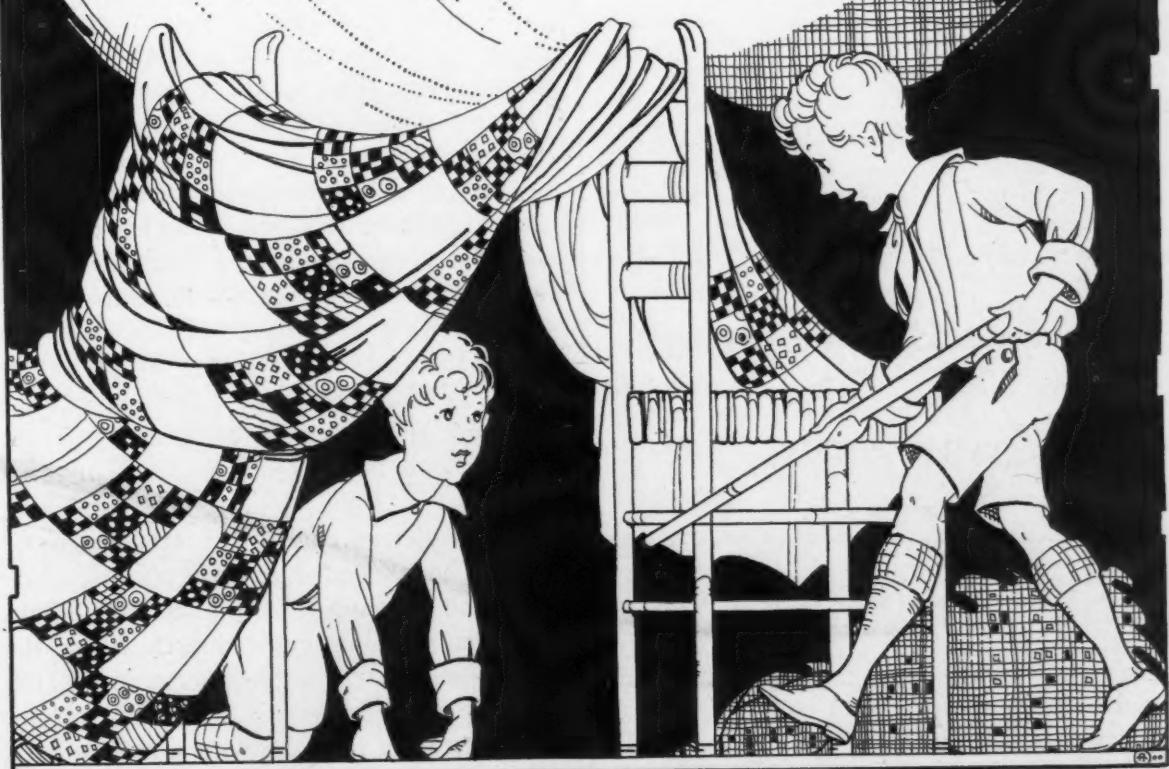
And Brother was the hunter-man  
Who tried to shoot us when we ran.

The ten-pins made good bones to gnaw,  
I held them down beneath my paw.

Of course, I had to kill him quick  
Before he shot me with his stick,

So all the cave fell down, you see,  
On Brother and the bones and me—

So then he said he wouldn't play—  
But it was tea-time, anyway!





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How can you hope to be happy if baby is not? And baby's happiness is largely dependent upon the sound, healthful and safe sleep made possible by the Bye-Lo Baby Bed.

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Every convenient feature of Bye-Lo Baby Beds was suggested by Mothers, working in co-operation with our engineers. You could wish for nothing more practical.

Ask your furniture dealer for Bye-Lo Baby Bed No. 191-C, or if he can not supply you, mail us \$23.00 with the coupon and we will send you one direct.

A copy of "When The Sandman Comes," showing this and other models of Bye-Lo Baby Beds, priced from \$15.00 to \$35.00 will be sent free on request.



When the side is raised it follows the groove up over the safety question, where it is held securely in position making it impossible for it to fall or to be lowered by the baby.

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### THANKSGIVING TROPHIES

*A Game*

By MAUDE DAY BALTZELL

THE game Thanksgiving Trophies gets its name from the fact that the players who are the most skillful in aiming and catching the ball receive the privilege of choosing a player from the opposing side. The names of the things the players aim at are called trophies. This is the way the game is played:

All who wish to play form in a line, then beginning at the right end of this line the first person says "bidder" the next on says "guard," the next "bidder," the next, "guard" and so on down the line.

This game may be played indoors or outdoors, but it must take place next to a wall of some sort. Those who are "guards" form a line with their backs against the wall. On the wall directly in back of the guards but a foot above their heads are *tacked or pinned or pasted* as many names of foods appropriate to Thanksgiving as there are guards. These names should be written upon pieces of paper at least two inches square. *Turkey, duck, goose, cranberries*, and many others may be used. The other one-half of the players, which are called the *bidders*, form a line about eight feet from the guards and directly facing the guards and the trophies. Beginning at the left end of the bidder's line the first player, (who has been provided with a soft ball)—a tennis ball, or any soft ball that bounds easily

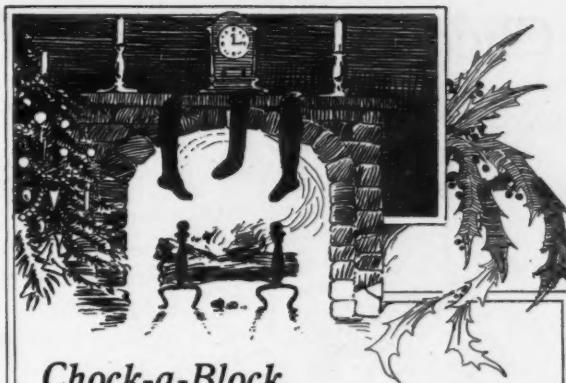
will be all right to use, decides on the trophy that he wants to aim at and says: "I bid for duck"—if he happens to want to aim at the duck. He throws the ball with sufficient force to make it bound back as far as his side. If he is successful in hitting the trophy he aimed at and the ball bounds back so that one of his own side can catch it or pick it up without moving his feet, the *thrower* may choose any player from the opposing side and say "You are my trophy." That player must leave his side and join the successful thrower's side, taking a place at the left of the one who captured him. However, if the thrower fails to hit the trophy which he aimed at, the *guard* standing in front of this trophy-name may claim a player from the bidder's line. Also, if the thrower hits a guard with the ball, this guard may claim the thrower as his trophy, or instead of the thrower he may choose another of the bidders, providing he thinks a more skillful player would benefit his side more. If the ball can be caught by any of the guards without their moving their feet to another position, the one who catches the ball may claim one of the bidders.

Each one in the bidder's line takes his turn at bidding and aiming, and then those in the bidder-line change places with those in the guard-line, thus making an opportunity for all who play to throw the ball.

When this game is played in a small room both sides may sit on the floor instead of standing. This lessens the danger of hitting pictures or lamps. The game may be played in the school gymnasium and the distance between the two rows be made greater, and a larger ball such as a volley ball used.

Do not think that because you haven't a soft ball you cannot play this, for almost any one can tear or cut some strips of old cloth and wind them around a wad of paper and make a usable ball in less than five minutes.

The side, which gets all the players wins.



## *Chock-a-Block Full of Christmas Happiness*

Start Christmas morning right with a stocking crammed full of the things children love—the little things that make Christmas the day of days for the kiddies.

### **Here it is**

The Ammidon Christmas Stocking is a big 25 inch stocking, bound in red and green, and it comes already filled with honest-to-goodness playthings.

In all the years we've been in the toy business we've learned just the things *children like best*. And here they are—packed for your children in this big stocking. We've gathered together the tried and true favorites of Toyland to make them this Christmas treat.

### **Hours of Amusement**

In this stocking you will find the pick of the novelty field. Everything in it works; is useful, attractive and worth-while. It is our effort to give your children a great big helping of fun before they tackle the more expensive presents.

### **The Cost is Small**

This stocking is complete. Ready for you to hang up. No bother. No looking around for little novelties. Easier Christmas shopping. Makes more fun for your entire family. Yet the whole thing, gathered and packed in this big colorful Christmasy stocking only costs you one (\$1.00) dollar, *delivered at your door*.

Order by the coupon below. Send it in today. When the stocking comes lay it away and have one Christmas worry off your mind.

But please don't delay—order now because the more time we have the better stocking we can make up for you.

### **Money-back Guarantee**

Return the stocking if it does not satisfy you in every respect and we will gladly refund your money.

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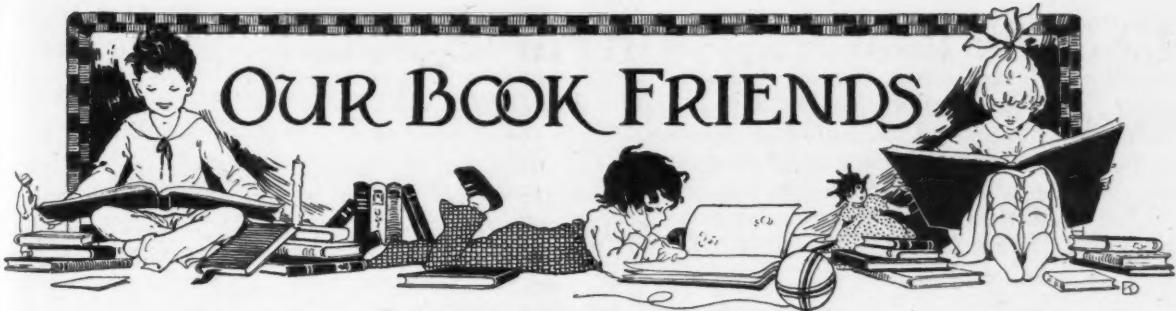
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By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

*Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library  
Present School Librarian, Long Beach, California*

DO YOU believe that there is a tune, lost somewhere in the world, that is so beautiful that it will make anyone who hears it happy? In *The Starlight Fairy Book* there is a tale of a young minstrel who set forth to find just such a song. After a long search, the wandering boy discovered that the tune had been broken up into notes and the notes scattered over all the land. One note the minstrel found in a happy shepherd's cottage, another was tucked away in a bird's nest. The third note a child was using for a toy and the fourth a ploughman turned up one fine spring morning. It makes us happy to know that one note was stowed away on an old ship and that still another hid in a castle. The ninth note was lost for a very long time and you'll never guess how the minstrel happened upon it! If you wish you may happen upon a whole collection of tunes and it may be that one of them the young minstrel would have been delighted to find, too. The book in which they are found is *Picture Verse Song*. Three artists have made the book attractive for you, one of whom you met in *A Little Freckled Person*. None of us like to miss good fairy tales or fairy poems. Let me whisper to you that you will find just what you are searching for in *Moonshine and Clover*, in *The Broom Fairies*, in *Fairy Green*, in *Peacock Pie*. If you like Mother Goose keep your eye open for two new collections, one called *Ring o' Roses*, with fine colored pictures by Leslie Brooke, and the other with shadow pictures drawn by Gwen Trew.

If you came to a sign hung on a bridge and the sign read, "YOU MUST NOT CROSS THIS BRIDGE BEFORE YOU GET TO IT," would you think, as Judy thought in *The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane*, that the sign was very silly?

And yet people, especially grown-ups, are forever crossing bridges before they get to them! We have an excellent example of that in Hugh Lofting's new book, *The Story of Mrs. Tubbs*. Mrs. Tubbs was an old woman who lived all alone with a dog and a duck and a pig. The dog's name was Peter Punk, the duck's name was Polly Ponk, and the pig's name was Patrick Pink. Now it seems to me, inasmuch as the animals were the old woman's very best friends, that she ought to have known that they would take care of her. But instead of being philosophical, Mrs. Tubbs worried until everyone was anxious for her. Punk, Ponk and Pink were turned off the farm along with the old woman but they didn't worry. Instead they walked away as briskly as could be—Punk in front, then Pink, then Ponk, and the old woman behind. And when they saw a seat under a tree, they all sat down and rested. Nothing would do for Mrs. Tubbs but to cry herself to sleep and the animals consented. Then they went into the woods and did some real thinking and, as you have guessed, when those three animals got to work everything turned out for the best.

Thank goodness all men are not like King Watkins the First in *The Magic Fishbone*! Think of the Princess Alicia who had to keep seventeen young princesses and princes quiet, dress, undress and dance the baby, make the kettle boil, heat the soup, sweep the hearth, nurse the queen and be as busy as busy could be. She was as happy as could be and her father—how very different he was! Don't you wonder how many bridges he crossed while he was waiting for his quarterly salary and watching the children grow out of their clothes? We never knew Doctor Dolittle to

get low spirited and think of the responsibilities he had. Now that there is *Doctor Dolittle's Postoffice* we respect him all the more. Beside getting the houseboat post-office in running order, counting postcards, arranging the stamp drawer and sitting all day at the information window, Doctor Dolittle edited The Animals' Magazine and taught etiquette by mail. This is a letter Doctor Dolittle received from a pig in Patagonia:

Dear Doctor—

I have read your "Book of Etiquette for Animals" and liked it very much. I am shortly to be married. Would it be proper for me to ask the guests to bring turnips to my wedding instead of flowers?

In introducing one well-bred pig to another should you say, "Miss Virginia Ham, meet Mr. Frank Footer," or "Get acquainted"?

Yours truly,  
BERTHA BACON

P. S. I have always worn my engagement ring in my nose. Is this the right place?

Cheapside, the sparrow, who took charge of the city deliveries for Doctor Dolittle, established a system which we cannot help wishing would spread everywhere—that of having two letter boxes to every house, one box for bills and one for sure enough letters. If generally adopted and the mailmen would knock once for a bill and twice for a letter, so that we'd know whether to come and get the mail or not, how many disappointments such a plan would save us.

Two translations from the French are among the most delightful of the fall books. *Susanna's Auction*, with illustrations by Bouet de Monvel, is a story about a girl just past three and the experience she had when it became necessary to sell her toys in order to pay for a broken vase. *Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette* will be one of your most cherished possessions. Once or twice Jean Paul crossed bridges before he came to them but in general his way of looking at trouble was similar to the way *Whitfoot, the Wood Mouse* felt. Whitfoot believed in getting the most from the present and never allowed unpleasant things to spoil his happiness.

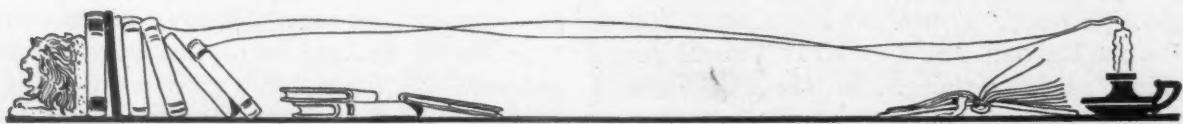
Those of us who like *Johnny Blossom* and *What Happened to Inger Johanne* are glad that Dikken Zwigmeyer has written another story called *Four Cousins*. *Whistling Rock* by Edna Brown is like *Little House in the*

*Woods*, the story of a little girl who goes to live for a summer on an island off the coast of New England. A new companion book to *Real Mother Goose* and *Aesop for Children* is *Illustrated Bible Stories for Children*.

We had the pleasure this summer of journeying on a book wagon, of riding through the country, finding a shady place and opening the caravan for the boys and girls. It wasn't necessary to offer many suggestions, once the cases were open, for anyone who reads at all knows a good book when he sees it. You cannot see these books but you can remember their names and when you go to a public library or to a bookstore or make up your list of Christmas wants you can ask for some of the stories that we have mentioned. May you be delighted many times and not disappointed even once.

#### A SELECTION FROM RECENT BOOKS

Adventures of Maya, the Bee	W. Bonsels
THOMAS SELTZER, INC.	
Bird Biographies	A. E. Ball
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY	
Book of Stars for Young People	W. T. Olcott
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS	
Broom Fairies	E. M. Gate
SILVER BURDETT & CO.	
Burgess Flower Book for Children	Thornton Burgess
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.	
Doctor Dolittle's Post Office	Hugh Lofting
FREDERICK A. STOKES CO.	
Fairy Green	Rose Fyleman
GEORGE H. DORAN CO.	
Four Cousins	Dikken Zwigmeyer
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD	
Franconia Stories	Jacob Abbott
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS	
Garden of Happiness	Zoe Meyer
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.	
Illustrated Bible Stories for Children	Seymour Loveland
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY	
Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette	Baroness des Chesnes
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY	
Magic Fishbone	Charles Dickens
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.	
Moonshine and Clover	Laurence Housman
HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.	
Nature's Craftsmen	I. N. McFee
T. Y. CROWELL CO.	
Nursery Rhymes	With thirty drawings by Gwen Trew
E. P. DUTTON	
Picture Verse Song	Ilonka Karasz
EDWARD C. BRIDGMAN	
Pied Piper in Pudding Lane	Sarah Addington
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS	
Ring o' Roses	Illustrated by Leslie Brooke
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.	
Starlight Fairy Book	H. B. Beston
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS	
Story of Mrs. Tubbs	Hugh Lofting
FREDERICK A. STOKES CO.	
Susanna's Auction	Illustrated by Boutet de Monvel
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY	
Under the Tree	Elisabeth Madox Roberts
B. W. HUEBSCH, INC.	
Whistling Rock	Edna A. Brown
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD	
Whitefoot, the Wood Mouse	Thornton Burgess
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY	



# Stirring Tales of Wild Animals, Indians and Scouts

**2275 Pages of Fascinating Wild Animal and Nature Stories—of Indian Tales, Woodcraft and Scoutcraft—by That Marvelous Hunter, Naturalist, Scout and Story-Teller, Ernest Thompson Seton. Send for Them for Five Days' FREE EXAMINATION.**

**Y**OU fathers and mothers of today, who were the boys and girls of yesterday—did you ever get your fill of the fascinations of the wilds?

Wouldn't you love, as much as your son or daughter, to sit down this very evening and listen to one who can tell wonderful wild animal and Indian tales by the hour—who can teach you in the most delightful and interesting manner everything there is to know about the wild life of forest and field—the ways of the wily red-skin and scout—the characteristics and identifying marks of all the wild animals, birds, trees and plants—woodcraft, campcraft, Indian and scout craft?

Here are six wonderful books for both the young in spirit and the young in fact. Here are hundreds of the most absorbing and gripping stories of wild animals, Indians, scouts—of the woods, fields and streams—by that world-famous hunter, naturalist, scout and storyteller, Ernest Thompson Seton.

**Thrilling  
Fascinating  
Instructive**

"Wild Animals at Home" and "Wild Animals in Many Ways" are packed with true stories of wild life that read like thrilling fiction. They're natural history at its very best. Mr. Seton holds high rank as a naturalist, but

he is much more than a scientist. He *loves* everything the animals do, and seems to be able to get into their very souls. He'll stop in the midst of his description to tell you all sorts of stories about them—stories often more interesting and instructive than the science.

Then "The Book of Woodcraft" is a treasure trove for the Boy Scout, as well as for the older lover of the woods and of Indian lore. Here are all the things that every first class scout *must* know, and a thousand more which will enable him to win many extra merit badges.

For Mr. Seton is not only a wonderful scout, but he knows more about the Indians than probably anyone else in the world—and they were the *original* scouts. He gives you all their knowledge, all their tricks, all their ways of doing and making things. And he adds many a campfire story of their adventure.

**With Over 1,450 Illustrations  
Drawn by the Author from Nature**

These are unusual books in every way. The covers are uniquely stamped with original drawings by the author. The insides are printed on rich, soft paper, in clear, open type, with deep, generous margins.

And all six are profusely illustrated by the author's own skillful pen, brush and camera. The pictures are not only highly interesting but often delightfully humorous, as Mr. Seton quickly sees the funny side. Very instructive, too, when he shows how to lay a fire, how to build a boat, Indian signs, animal footprints, signaling, knots, etc.

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For a limited time it is possible to get these beautiful books, by a famous living author, at a remarkably low price. Moreover, you may examine them FREE. Thousands of people throughout the country are demanding these fascinating sets. So TODAY is the time to send if you want to benefit by this special offer.

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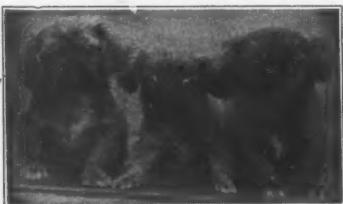
Please send me postpaid for FREE examination the 6-volume set of Ernest Thompson Seton. I will return them within five days if I am not delighted. Otherwise I will remit \$1.00 promptly and \$2.00 a month for only five months thereafter, in accordance with your special offer, or claim a 5 per cent discount for cash in full.

Name.....  
Address.....



# DOGS

## Where To Get Them

"Little puppies Pekingese  
Which would you like best of these?  
All, attention, if you please,  
Sun Dogs of ancient Chinese."

Photos and prices from  
**MRS. G. KRAMER**  
2208-A Metropolitan Ave., Middle Village, L. I.

**REGISTERED SCOTCH COLLIES**

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Grown stock and puppies for sale at reasonable prices from American and Imported Champions

The Arcadia Collie Kennels "Registered"

**M. THOMSON**  
3803 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.



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OORANG AIREDALES**

A FREE COPY DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET of world's largest dog kennels will be mailed on request listing for sale the famous Oorang Airedales specially trained as children's companions, watch-dogs, farm dogs, stock drivers, automobile guards, and hunters of all kinds of game. Also choice breeding stock, puppy stock, kennel supplies, dog foods, dog medicines, etc. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed.

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Box 64, La Rue, Ohio



**COLLIES**

Safest dog for children. Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists. Jefferson White Collie Kennels, Wauseon, O.

*A Jefferson White is a Collie of type*

**BORZOIS**

(Russian Wolfhounds)

The dog of kings and emperors. The aristocrat of the canine family. The most beautiful of all breeds.

Puppies for sale. Very reasonable. Exceptionally beautiful. Come from some of the greatest Champions in the country. No better blood to be had at any price.

Address:

**DR. L. De SAYDA**, College President  
Lakewood, N. J.



KIPLING says: "Every child has an inborn right to be brought up with a dog." This is the truth. If that does not bring strong kind of fellow that will love, protect, sympathize with, entertain, educate and if necessary *die for* a little girl or boy! The hardy, lovable, brave, intelligent White Scotch Collies that we sent to

ISLAND WHITE COLLIE KENNELS, Dept. L. C. L., Oshkosh, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

**CHILD LIFE**

## Dog Stories

### MARY'S DOG

MARY had a little dog,

She kept him on the shelf.

Every time it wagged its tail,

It spanked its little self.

**DOROTHY BRADLEY**  
Age 10 years Chicago, Ill.

CHILD LIFE will be only too glad to answer any questions pertaining to the selection of a dog for your children, the care of dogs, or any other information that might be helpful. All inquiries will be given our prompt attention, advice being sought when necessary from expert dog fanciers. Just write to CHILD LIFE, Dog Department, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

### Russian Wolfhound Puppies



Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.

Prices reasonable.

**ARKANSAS VALLEY KENNELS**

Dept. A1

D. C. Davis, Prop. Cimarron, Kan.



What makes Molly so happy? I'm sure you don't have to be told, for those two collie puppies answer the question. They came from

**SUNNYBRAE  
COLLIE KENNELS**  
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have fine collie puppies like these at reasonable prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that you are getting the best kind of a playmate.

Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has written a book on Dog Training, which he will send to you for 35c. He would be glad to receive a letter from you.

### Pekingese Puppies

are one of the safest and best dogs for children.

**Playful—Watchful  
Beautiful**

Correspondence a pleasure.

**KINRYO KENNELS**  
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### POLICE DOGS

Sturdy Northern Stock with over thirty Champions in pedigree.

**VAN DEN NORDEN KENNELS**  
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### REGULAR POLICE DOGS

A beautiful litter of puppies out of champion blood lines. A strain which represents dogs of the best breeding of America and Germany.

Write for pedigrees and prices. Stud service.

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### "Strong Heart" Police Dogs



"Character plus Appearance." You can pay more but you can't get a better dog.

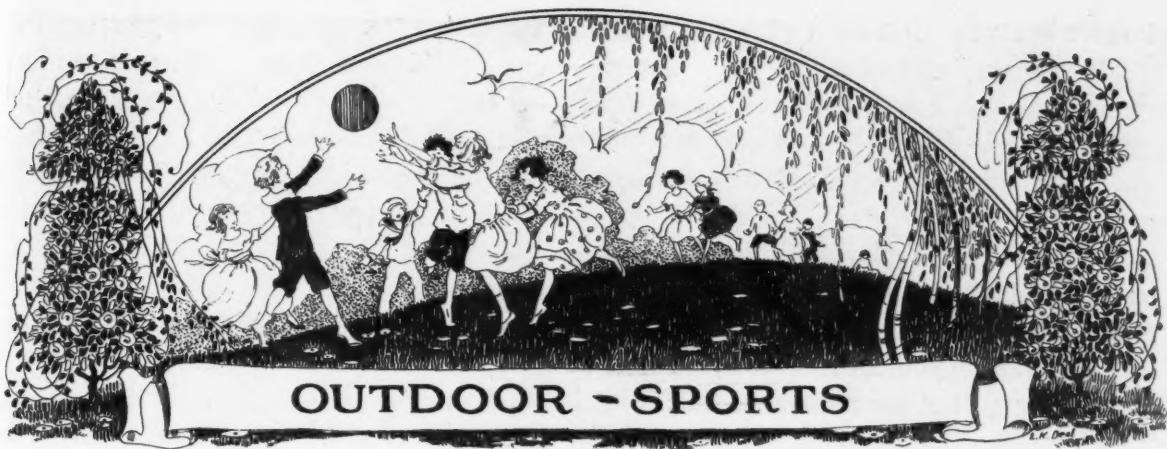
**SUN BEAM FARM  
STRONG HEART KENNELS**  
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### WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

herd reindeer in Northern Alaska, to accompany Amundsen on his seven-year trip to Polar Regions, as companion to the great Canadian Arctic. Very Mounted Police have these virile qualities that every thinking mother and father wants in charge of their own baby. A big, strikingly handsome White Collie that will permit an innocent baby to gouge his eyes and maul him, whip into submission an ugly bull, play all day patiently with the children, rouse the household when there is a fire,

attract the baby by the dress when an automobile passes, attract them incessantly to the healthy outdoors whenever the winter is severe, kind of a dog that adds many hours to the lives of mother and father, many hours of happiness to the child and golden memories for a life time. Pedigree, country grown stock for any climate.

A puppy purchased now will make a sturdy in and outdoor companion during the long winter months. Our low prices will please you. Write freely of your needs.



## OUTDOOR - SPORTS

# BASEBALL-FOOTBALL HANDICAP

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—*The Play Man*

Author of *Play, a Book of Games*, *Cage Ball Book*, *Basket Ball for Men*,  
*Story of a Tanker*, *Real Games for Real Kids*

THE girls were completely out of it and they couldn't help feeling a little bit envious, for when all the boys use every minute from after school until darkness comes practicing football it is a pretty tiresome situation. "I don't see why we can't play football," pouted Carol as she watched Bert emerge from a crowd of boys and go tearing down the field, only to be tackled by a stocky little red-head.

"Well, I don't think I would like to be thrown like that," shuddered Mary Emily, "though the running part would be fun."

"It's a shame anyway—when we play all of the other games with them, that we have to be out of it just because that old football season comes around," protested Elizabeth.

This wasn't the first of the indignation meetings, for the football season was well under way and, with Jack as captain, a good team had been developed. While they were not exactly heavyweights they were sturdy

and loved the sport. Two games had been played and both had been won. The girls enjoyed the contests all right, but what they objected to was being neglected on all the practice nights. They were really rather proud of the boys' football team but couldn't help wishing sometimes that they were boys, or, at any rate, that they might be permitted to play all of the games that the boys played.

They watched the practice and sputtered, as girls will, about the great injustice that gave boys most of the fun there was in life. They didn't hear Toppo approach, and the famous ex-clown listened with considerable amusement to their animated argument.

"Well! Well!" he interrupted, "it is a tough old world, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's Toppo!" exclaimed Carol, "and I'm so glad that you are here for we were just talking about how hard it is for us to have a good time when the boys play football all the time. They just eat, sleep and play football every single minute."



I don't see why girls can't play football!"

"It is a very sad situation," said Toppo sympathetically, but with a twinkle in his eye. "Do the boys feel as much put out when you play with dolls and they are left with nothing to do?"

"Why, we don't play with dolls!" protested Elizabeth with spirit. "That is, hardly ever," she added lamely.

"Oh, I know you are big girls," Toppo assured them, "but the problem is this: you think that the boys have all the best of it and that there should be some way for you to get a share of the fun. Isn't that it?"

The nodding heads assured him that he had understood the problem.

"Well, I have an idea. You get all of the girls and come up to my house tomorrow and I will teach you a game. But don't tell the boys about it and then we will have them up day after tomorrow—that's Saturday—and we will see if we can't make them think that girls are just as athletic as boys. How's that for an idea?"

"It's just fine and dandy!" laughed Mary Emily. "And we won't tell anybody—and will be there right after school tomorrow."

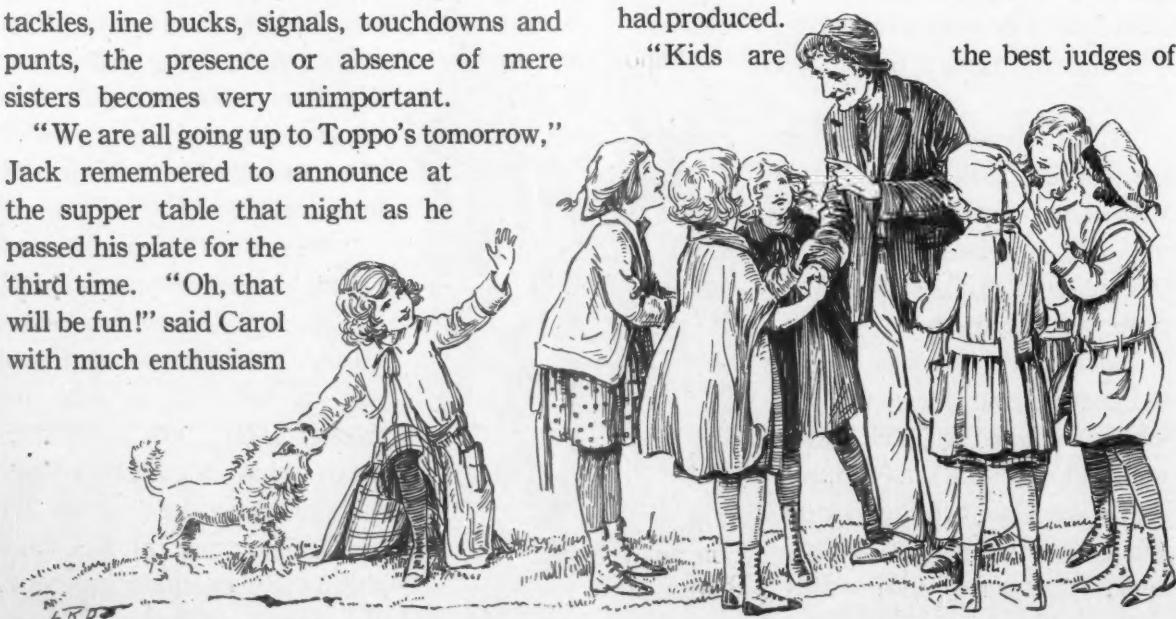
There were no girls at the Friday football practice but their absence was unnoticed, for when two dozen boys are occupied with tackles, line bucks, signals, touchdowns and punts, the presence or absence of mere sisters becomes very unimportant.

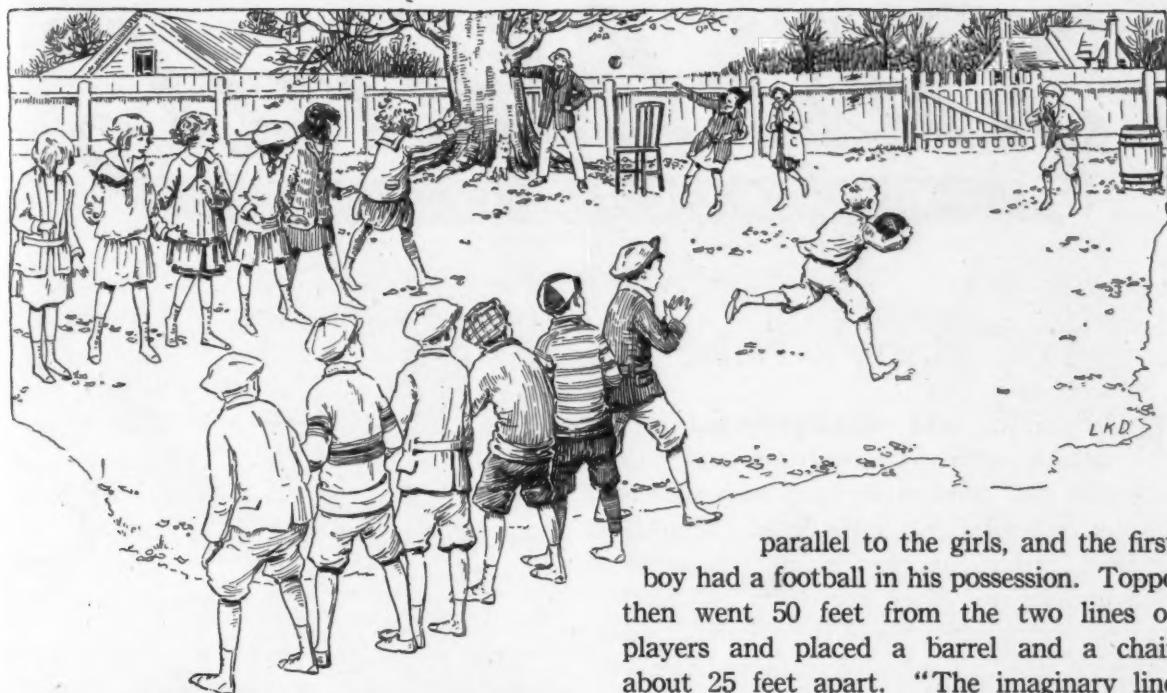
"We are all going up to Toppo's tomorrow," Jack remembered to announce at the supper table that night as he passed his plate for the third time. "Oh, that will be fun!" said Carol with much enthusiasm

and innocence, and as if she were entirely unaware of the next day's plans. She didn't tell Jack that all the girls had spent the afternoon with Toppo and that he had carefully coached them in the playing of the game in which they expected to beat the boys on the following day.

When the youngsters arrived at Toppo's Saturday afternoon they had the usual amount of fun that always preceded the playing of a new game when they visited the home of the jolly clown. To have the privilege of the intimate friendship of an ex-circus performer, whose name and face had been blazoned on thousands of billboards in all parts of the world, was ever full of romantic interest for the children. The girls would always run out to where Spic and Span, the two ponies, were grazing, while the boys usually started off the day by "rough-housing" with Scamper, who lived up to his master's proud boast of being the smartest dog in seven counties. Then they would visit the barn, a part of which had been rebuilt into a shop, where their host constructed the ingenious toys which now furnished his means of livelihood. He was very proud of his skillful handiwork, and it always pleased him when the children praised some new contrivance which his craft had produced.

"Kids are the best judges of





"toys," Toppo would say, "and if you really like these, the youngsters in the cities are sure to and then maybe old Toppo will get rich!"

The next part of the usual program was to gather in the yard and play a new game for that was one thing they could always count on. The toy-making clown had gathered games from all corners of the world and loved to teach them.

"I see you have your football, Bert," said Toppo, "and I suppose you fellows are pretty clever at making forward passes. Now I am just wondering if boys can handle a football as well as girls can handle a baseball."

"Of course, we can," asserted Jack positively. "Girls can't throw to begin with, and when it comes to catching," he jeered, "they muffle most of the time."

"Hm," mused Toppo, "I wonder if that can be true. I tell you what, let's try it out. We'll have a race and the boys will use a football, and the girls will use an indoor baseball. The name of the game is 'The Baseball-Football Handicap'."

Toppo then arranged the girls in a single line, giving the first girl in the line an indoor baseball. The boys were arranged in a line

parallel to the girls, and the first boy had a football in his possession. Toppo then went 50 feet from the two lines of players and placed a barrel and a chair about 25 feet apart. "The imaginary line between this chair and barrel marks the goal line," explained Toppo.

"Now this is the game. Both lines face each other. When I say, 'GO,' the first player in each line will pass the ball to the second player who passes it to the third, and so on until it reaches the last player. The last player will run to the goal line and throw the ball back to the first player. The player must catch the ball, and if he fumbles it he must pick it up, and then pass it to the second player, and the second to the third, and continue as before, the last player running to the goal line and throwing the ball back. This will continue until every player of one team has arrived at the goal line. The team succeeding in getting all of its players to the goal line first, wins the race. Now do you understand it? Is it all clear?" asked Toppo.

"Sure," shouted the boys.

"Are you ready? One—two—three—Oh, just a minute! I want to ask you one question before we start. Do you really think you can beat the girls?"

"Beat 'em? Easy! Nothing to it!" chorused the boys.

"All right," said Toppo, "I've got a proposition. I've been mighty busy this week

# "*Burkland*" THE PERFECT FITTING

## For Baby's Sake

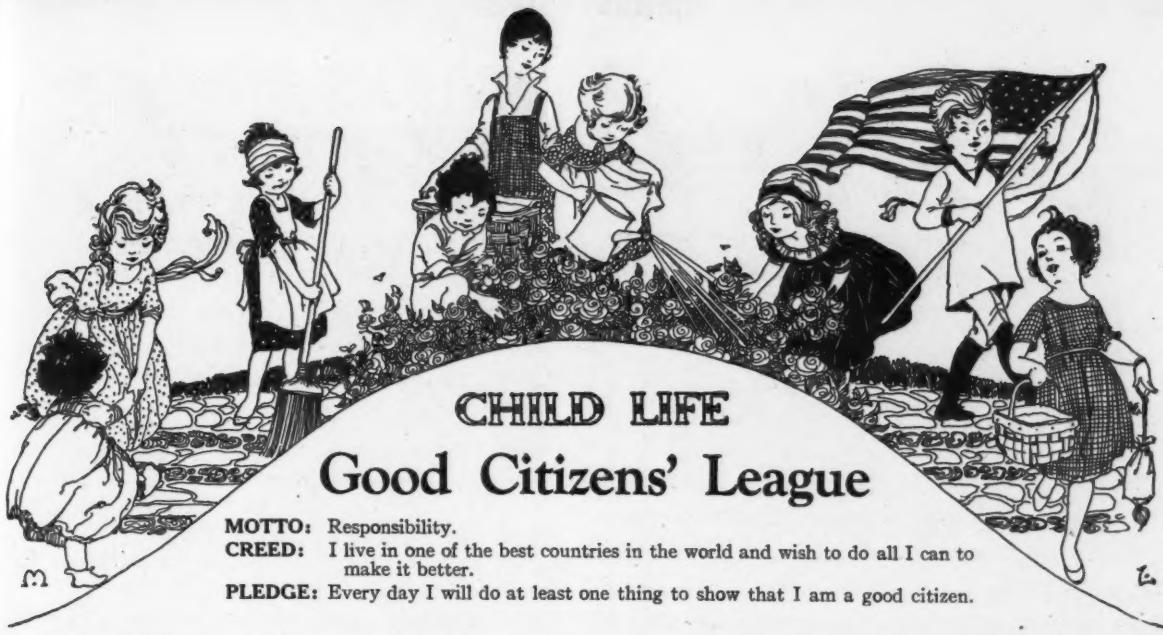
FOR baby's sake—undergarments of exquisite softness to touch his tender skin; warmth and comfort to keep him well and happy, no seams next to his body. "Burkland Perfect Fitting" undergarments guarantee all this and more. They are made only of imported Australian worsted (wool) and Combed Peeler Cotton. Exclusive features have been designed for baby's comfort and protection. Every mother will appreciate our reasonable prices. If your dealer does not carry Burkland garments please send us his name and address and we will see that you are supplied.

THE BURKLAND KNITTING WORKS, Inc.  
2341 Wabansia Avenue CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



### *A Happy Baby*

Mothers—you will find our illustrated booklet "A Happy Baby" both instructive and interesting. It contains many helpful suggestions as well as charming verses and artistic color illustrations. We will also enclose a folder giving our complete line of underwear for infants and children. Just send your name and address.



## CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League

**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

### The Foreigner

"We're going," Joe kept telling himself again and again, and his bright new tie seemed to grow brighter in the sunshine. "We're going to America."

To the little immigrant boy, whose mind had feasted on stories of America, the new country seemed the one desirable place on earth.

And now, before his mind had really grasped the fact, he was walking down the gang plank into the streets of an American city. His father and mother stopped for awhile with his cousins in a town near-by and the next Monday Joe set out eagerly for school. But when he got there his appearance was met with shouts of laughter. The children crowded around him, flinging jeers at his queer clothing and asking him rude questions. Joe did not know English well enough to answer their taunts, but he bravely kept back the tears that threatened to fall.

When, after two weeks filled with misery for Joe, his father told him that they were going on west, he was glad to leave, although his heart sank at the thought of a new school. But when they were established in the new city he was taken to school by some friendly neighbor boys. Knowing that he could speak only a little English, they found a boy who could talk with him in his own tongue. The rules of the school were explained to him and many of the perplexing customs. He was greeted kindly by pupils and teachers, and he soon forgot his shyness in being made one of them.

Several words, which at first puzzled him, he heard spoken time and again. "League" and "good citizenship" were among them, and all the pupils were striving to win what they called "Honor Points." In time he came to know the meaning of these terms and became a member of the very league that had first given the boys and girls of his school the true ideals of citizenship.

"This is what I always thought America was like," he told himself exultantly.

### Message to CHILD LIFE Good Citizens

From MARY ANTIN

*Author of "The Promised Land" and "They Who Knock at Our Gates."*

Once upon a time people could not choose their country, any more than you can choose your family today. With the spread of the idea of freedom in the home country, came gradually the idea of freedom in the world as a whole. People began to say, "Why shouldn't a man be free to choose the country he likes best, just as he chooses a partner in business?" Our America early accepted this idea, and as a result millions of people have come from every corner of the earth to join us in a civic partnership. That is why you cannot tell a good American by his speech or his customs or the sound of his name. No matter where people come from, they are good Americans if they honor our laws, take an interest in our problems and do their share to improve our institutions.

### Remember the Contest

Large wool flag sets are waiting for the schools of the boy and girl writing the best fifty-word essays on "How Can I Show My Good Citizenship at School?" There will be small silk flags for the winners themselves. Any member of the league or any boy or girl who wants to join may enter the contest. Sign your name, age, address and school clearly in ink and mail your paper to the Child Life Good Citizens' League. Grade and Sunday school teachers and branch league counselors and mayors may mail the papers for an entire class or club. Full particulars of contest may be found in the October issue of CHILD LIFE. The judges will be Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian of the Boy Scouts of America; E. George Payne, professor of Educational Sociology, New York University; and Miss Marjorie Barrows, assistant editor of CHILD LIFE.

### League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and will receive a membership pin if he will send us his name, age, address and school, written clearly in ink. Branches of the league have been formed in schools and neighborhoods throughout the United States and in other countries. Any young person or adult who is interested in starting such a branch will be mailed a copy of the league handbook, in which will be found the rules of the league, a constitution for local branches, instructions and suggestions for meetings and, best of all, a simple initiation service. If a boy or girl cannot join a branch, he is enrolled as a *special* member of the league.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

*(Continued on page 759)*

*This page is conducted by MISS LORI BROWN, Director of Civics, Perry School, Chicago.*



*Make  
Your Little Girl  
Happy  
with an  
Add-a-pearl  
NECKLACE*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*The family and friends  
will keep it growing*



**ASK YOUR  
JEWELER**

## WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

DID you ever meet a big dog who was so proud that he had to have a little dog to wag his tail for him? Did you ever visit the Hiccupheimers and listen to a hiccough opera? Did you ever get blown up like a balloon and have to invent a bath anchor?

Dizzy Lizzie did, and HUGH LOFTING has written for you a most fascinating story about her adventures. Mr. Lofting, you know, is the author of the Doctor Dolittle stories that boys and girls love so, and not long ago he won the Newbury prize for the most distinguished recent contribution to American literature for children.

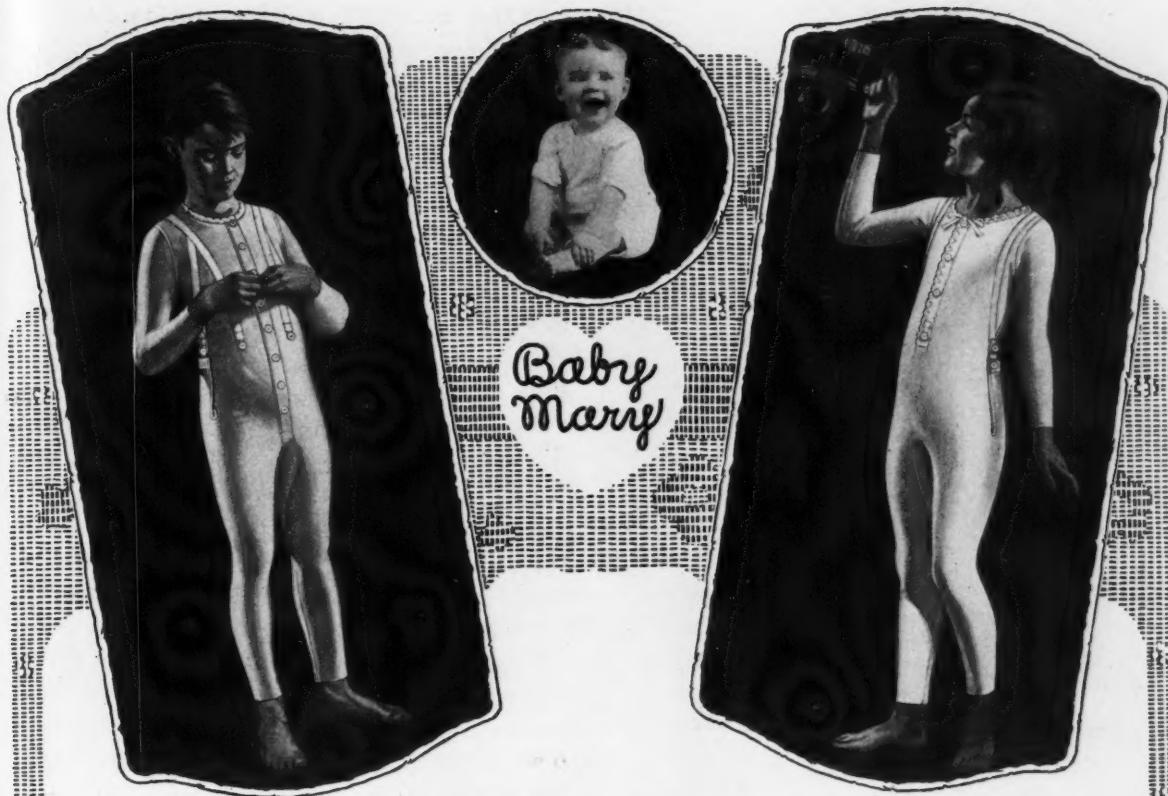
Dizzy Lizzie is about the funniest story you ever read. It begins next month, in the December number of CHILD LIFE. Watch for it!

There are very few school girls today who have not enjoyed the BETTY WALES books and the NANCY LEE books—two of the most popular series for girls ever written. MARGARET WARDE, who wrote them, has written a Christmas story for CHILD LIFE boys and girls that you are going to enjoy. She has written a Thanksgiving story for this number, too. Isn't it good?

The feature Christmas story is THE WONDER BALLS by another famous writer, NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. Miss Smith is the sister of Kate Douglas Wiggin. She has written a number of popular books for boys and girls and was the joint editor with Kate Douglas Wiggin of many more.

Let's remember, too, that next month in the KNIPE'S popular serial NOW AND THEN, Kathy's grandfather tells her one of the best stories of all—about the amusing way Lady Kitty attended Washington's inauguration. Next month you will find the Christmas CHILD LIFE a real prize package, stuffed from cover to cover with jolly stories, fascinating games and cutouts and everything else you want most. Just one look at the little Christmas tree girl on the cover will make you love the magazine!

This month we see many of our old friends and a number of new ones. Golden haystack crickets and harvest moon towns are queer and fascinating fancies, aren't they? Only an American poet like Carl Sandburg could have found them. These new stories of his that begin in CHILD LIFE this month belong to his famous Rootabaga series. Both CARL SANDBURG and MARGARET WIDDIMER, whose work you will also find in this magazine, won the Pulitzer prize not so very long ago, for the best book of poetry published in America that year. CHILD LIFE stars twinkle all through the pages, don't they? Watch them next year!



## *Mothers— Save Time On Busy Mornings*

ELIMINATE the hustle and confusion of getting the children ready for school. Buy them "M" Waist Union Suits—pants, waist and shirt combined in one comfortable garment.

### **"M" Waist Union Suits**

—*for boys and girls*—are durable and practical—easily laundered—buttons sewed on tight—buttonholes made to last. They are made of soft yarns, with smooth seams and give a neat, trim appearance to outer garments. The shoulder brace taping encourages that erect healthful carriage.

*"Children outgrow them, but do not outwear them"*

The "M" line also includes Diaper-Supporting Bands, Infants' Shirts, Underwaists, every underwear need for babies and children up to 16 years. Look for the red "M" label as a sure guide to satisfaction and economy in underwear for your children.

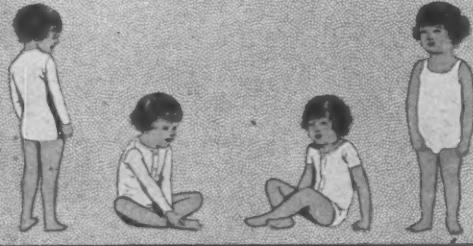
MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS . . . Minneapolis, Minnesota



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The PERFECT UNDERWEAR for CHILDREN

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR — SAY MUNSINGWEAR



**MUNSING  
WEAR**
*For Infants*
IN ALL THE WANTED STYLES  
IN FABRICS OF FINEST QUALITYTHE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

## PATTEN BEARD'S BUTTON GAME SERIES

## THE NOVEMBER GAME: THANKSGIVING TURKEY

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of *The Jolly Book of Playcraft*, *The Jolly Book of Boxcraft*, *Marjorie's Literary Dolls*, *The Good Crow's Happy Shop*, etc.

THIS game is played on the page of the magazine without cutting the magazine. Lay the magazine flat on a table, keeping its leaves firm on either side by books.

Play is made in turn, one player moving toward the left each time, the other toward the right.

Use a large button for a counter. Toss this up at each play and toss it into a box-cover. When it falls right side up, go to the nearest light square, moving to right from "Home," at start. When the counter falls on wrong side, go to the next nearest dark square. "Home" for Pale Face is the White's Block House; for Indians, it is the tepee in the wood.

Two players may play this game: Indians and Pale Faces. Indian starts from the tepee; Pale Face from the Block House, each moving out, right.

Dark squares are safe for Indians; light sections are not. Dark sections are unsafe for Pale Faces; white are safe for Pale Faces.

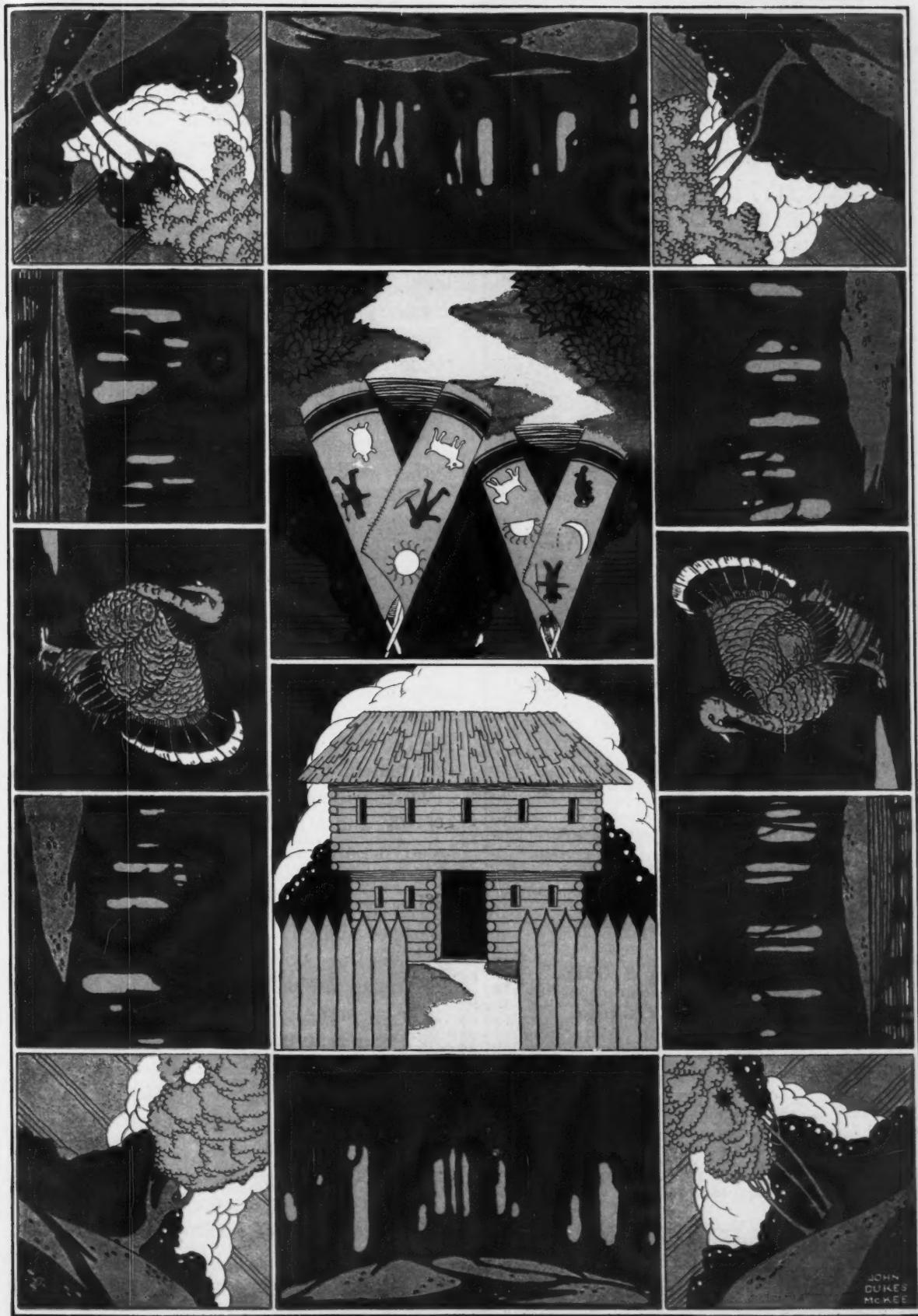
The object of the game is to see who can get the turkey and get home safely.

One "gets the turkey" by resting one turn on that square. If Pale Face meets Indian there, Indian gets the turkey away and vice versa: the first to be on the square "gets the turkey"; the second to come takes it away always.

If one gets off that square safely without any encounter, one can get home safely unless an Indian meets Pale Face on Meadow section where Pale Face may use a gun best. In this case, Indian is sent home to start over again.

If Pale Face meets Indian in a dark section of wood, he must go home to start over again.

The first to get home with turkey wins. It may be necessary to go about the board till you get Turkey Square in a turn; in this case do not turn in "Home" but keep going around the gameboard till you win.



# The Big 12

## SERIES OF *Children's Books*

ALL PROFUSELY  
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR  
BY ARTISTS OF NATIONAL REPUTATION

### "WINDERMERE"

Thirteen volumes of the World's best stories for the young.  
300 to 600 pages bound in cloth \$1.75 per volume.

### "JUNIOR LIBRARY"

Six books that every boy and girl should own. Legend, Romance, Adventure. 260 to 430 pages bound in cloth \$1.25 per book.

### "HEART'S DELIGHT"

Ten books for children 4 to 8 years of age. Established classics in prose and rhyme about 120 pages—some \$1.50, others \$2.00 each.

### "TELL ME AGAIN"

For children 4 to 10 years of age. Seventeen books of stories that children love to hear again and again, 75 cents to \$1.50 per volume.

### "GOOD BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS"

8 to 12 years of age. 23 volumes, various sizes and prices, all of the best in young people's literature. 75 cents to \$1.50 per volume.

### "HERO STORIES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT"

Retold for boys and girls 8 to 16 years of age. 320 pages bound in cloth \$1.50.

### "BEAR STORIES"

6 volumes of inimitable stories for children 8 to 12 years of age. 80 pages, price 75 cents each.

### "ELIZABETH GORDON BOOKS"

7 books chiefly about fairies and outdoor life; for children 6 to 10. Uniform size, 80 pages, price 75 cents each.

### "HAPPY HEART STORIES"

17 delightful little books of wholesome stories for children 4 to 8 years. 75 cents each.

### "LITTLE ADVENTURE STORIES"

15 books of about 124 pages, price 60 cents each. For children 6 to 10 years. Amuse and teach nature and habits of the little creatures of the woods, fields and streams.

### "LITTLE TOT BOOKS"

20 volumes grouped in 4 series for little children, 35 cents each.

### "BABY RECORD BOOKS"

Contain semi-blank pages to be filled in with day to day records of baby's first year. 75 cents.

*For sale at all shops and stores  
where books are sold.*

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**

*Publishers*

536 So. Clark St.

Chicago

## SNUTCH AND HIS WISH GARDEN

(Continued from page 714)

too, for it sprang right up and blossomed while she was looking at it. I don't suppose anybody ever saw a flower grow up and become beautiful, with long silky petals, all gold, so quickly as Sue's Contentment wish did. Then Snutch picked it and handed it to her.

"You can take it home with you, Sue," he said, which she did. And she has it to this day, for she planted it in her own garden, and every time she starts to wish she were something else than just what she is, or that she were somewhere else, she looks at her Contentment blossom, and just then she doesn't wish it at all.

"And now," said Snutch, "where are your other weed wishes?"

Sue looked around and everywhere, but couldn't find any of the weed plants that had been there just a minute before.

"Why—why, they are all gone!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, that is it," Snutch replied. "When you become contented, then all the bad wishes are driven away, and you are happy all the time."

Theodore was just about to wish he were contented, too, but Snuggle, who had been thinking about a wish eleven times and a half, a time and a half more than she needed to, said she wished they were back home with Sue and Theodore in bed so she could go to sleep too. And if she did so they were going back over the Blink Blink Bridge.

Then they looked back toward the Garden of Wishes, and saw Snutch waving his hands to them, and his long beard blowing gaily this way and that in the wind, which came by just then.

And next morning Sue said to Snuggle what a wonderful place the Garden of Purply Dreams was, and what a beautiful beard Snutch had.

"That was a lovely dream," said Snuggle, and Theodore, who was listening, thought so, too.

Because it was a wonderful dream that Sue had dreamed.

## Good Citizens League

(Continued from page 753)

### How to Win Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the members who have earned twenty-five points and the states with the largest number of points. There is a prize for those who earn 250 points during any twelve consecutive months. Besides the activities suggested in the center column, record also those things you think of yourself that show you are a good citizen. The best original deeds are published and awarded extra points. November lists must reach us by December 5.

### Honor Roll of August

The following members earned twenty-five or more Honor Points in August:

Donald Anderson, Jr., Evelyn Anderson, Alice Arretteis, Harriett Bane, Carol Bates, Ruth Baumann, Myrl Brock, Elizabeth Brownlee, Henry Brownlee, Sylvia Chil, Marian Craig, Audrey Creed, Martha Eurch, Regina Falvey, Eugenia Feaster, Harriett Finnell, Eugene Frambach, Peter Hairston, Jr., Mary Huddleston, Miriam Huddleston, Marian Johannes, Ruth Johannes, Elizabeth Kenney, Mary McGilre, Marion Manton, Evangeline Mercier, Marie Mercier, Madelyn Morse, Eleanor Morrow, Eleanor Mowry, Peggy Mowry, Francis Nulsen, Frances Peterson, Janet Pratt, Doris Ridge, Gertrude Riggs, Marion Roberts, Ruth Roberts, Sarah Roberts, Edith Roys, Marie Sciter, Richard Shearer, Mercia Snyder, Janet Spalding, Jean Staten, Anna Stigler, Katharine Telfair, John Thiedeman, Helen Thorson, Carl Tiller, Mary Titus, Anne Trimble, Elizabeth Trimble, Louise Trimble, Mary Trimble, Richard Trimble, Betty Whiting, Bosley Wilhelm, Annabelle Winter, Charlotte Yeiter, Carlene Wolfe, Virginia Woodward, Billy Young, Jeannette Duncan, Harold M. Finley.

### Honor Roll of States

Illinois holds first place among the states for Honor Points won for its residents during August; Ohio is second and Iowa third.

### Best Original Activities for August

Ten additional Honor Points were awarded for each of the following activities:

I have cared for the flag morning and evening and put it at half mast for President Harding.—Richard Dunlap Shearer, Trimble, Ill.

I didn't scream when I saw a bear in a huckleberry bush.—Jeannette Duncan, Sheridan, Mont.

I helped find a little neighbor boy who was lost.—Harold M. Finley, McConnellsburg, Ohio.

I sold some tickets for the benefit of the Children's Hospital.—Marie Mercier, South Dubuxbury, Mass.

I did not try to put myself at the head of everything when we played.—Helen Thorson, Aberdeen, S. D.

I played repair shop and mended the children's toys.—Bosley Wilhelm, Chicago, Ill.

I bound up my dog's foot when it was cut.—Marian Craig, Tennet, N. J.

We did not run through other people's yards when we played.—Donald Anderson, Des Moines, Iowa.

I took flowers to church.—Mary Mahola Trimble, Trimble, Ill.

I ate what I should, as I should and when I should.—Anna Marie Stigler, Alpine, Tex.

### What Does It Mean to Be a Good Citizen?

The following essays were given honorable mention in a contest recently conducted by the league. The prize winning essays and the four others winning honorable mention were published in the October issue of CHILD LIFE.

What does it mean to be a good citizen? Be of clean mind and body, obey government laws, honor and reverence the home, school and community and take an active interest in civic work.

—Charles Johnson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A good citizen is one who loves and is true to his country. He obeys the laws and respects the rights of others.

—Audrey Sugarman, Omaha, Neb.

What does it mean to be a good citizen? To love your country and serve her to the best of your ability; to obey her laws; to be as good a man as possible.

—Sam Baker Householder, Byers, Tex.

A good citizen is one who follows the golden rule, boosts his town instead of knocking and aims towards loving his neighbor as himself.

Der Snoyenbos, Mondovi, Wis.



She is three inches higher than the seat of a big chair  
—and you can make her walk!

## This great big beautiful doll is for you!

Just think! this doll is as big as a baby sister. You can have the best time taking her to your tea parties and playing with her without fear of hurting her—for she is non-breakable.

You can take off and put on her pretty patent leather slippers, pink silk stockings, pink organdie dress and bonnet that just matches, and petticoat and undies. She never, never cries but she says, "Ma-ma" to you very sweetly.

You can put her to bed and she closes her big blue eyes. She has the prettiest brown bobbed hair. You can even make her walk. And she can be your very, very own.

### How you can make this doll your very own—without cost

Just go to the mothers of your playmates and tell them about CHILD LIFE. Take this copy along and show them all the things that give you such a good time.

Tell them about Pudgy and Funny Bunny and Who's Who in the Zoo, and how you make up the cut-outs. They want to know, too, about "Little Artists," "Good Citizens' League," "Joy Givers Club," and particularly about "In Music Land" if their little girls are taking music lessons.

They will see the fun it will mean to their little girls to have CHILD LIFE to read and will give you a subscription. Mother, too, will gladly help you in getting subscriptions from her friends.

Send us just four yearly subscriptions other than your own and the \$12.00 you have collected and your address, and we will send the doll by parcel post the day we get your letter.

### —SEND IN THIS ENTRY BLANK RIGHT AWAY—

Write your name and address on this entry blank, tear it out and send it in. We will write you a letter telling more about how you can easily get the four subscriptions and we will send you order blanks.

#### CHILD LIFE

536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Yes, I want that great big beautiful doll. Tell me more about how I can win it and send me order blanks right away.

Your name.....

Street address.....

City.....

State.....

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



LAURA  
VALENTINE  
STYLES  
CHICAGO PARIS

HERE are two party dresses that Esther has brought you. You and Mother may take your choice and get your own frock made in time for the Christmas holidays. No. 4446 is suggested here in taffeta, although it will make up charmingly in any one of a number of materials, with the fullness held in in the front by a series of pin tucks. Little bunches of grapes are embroidered on the yoke and on the skirt, silk thread being used for the grapes and yarn wool thread for the stems. Use soft satin ribbon at the waist, tied in a large bow on the left side.

No. 4447 is shown here in crepe de chine or georgette crepe of a very soft pale shade. The collar and cuffs furnish the only trimming. Tell Mother to look in her scrap bag for pieces of lace. Cut the collar out of plain paper, sewing the lace on the

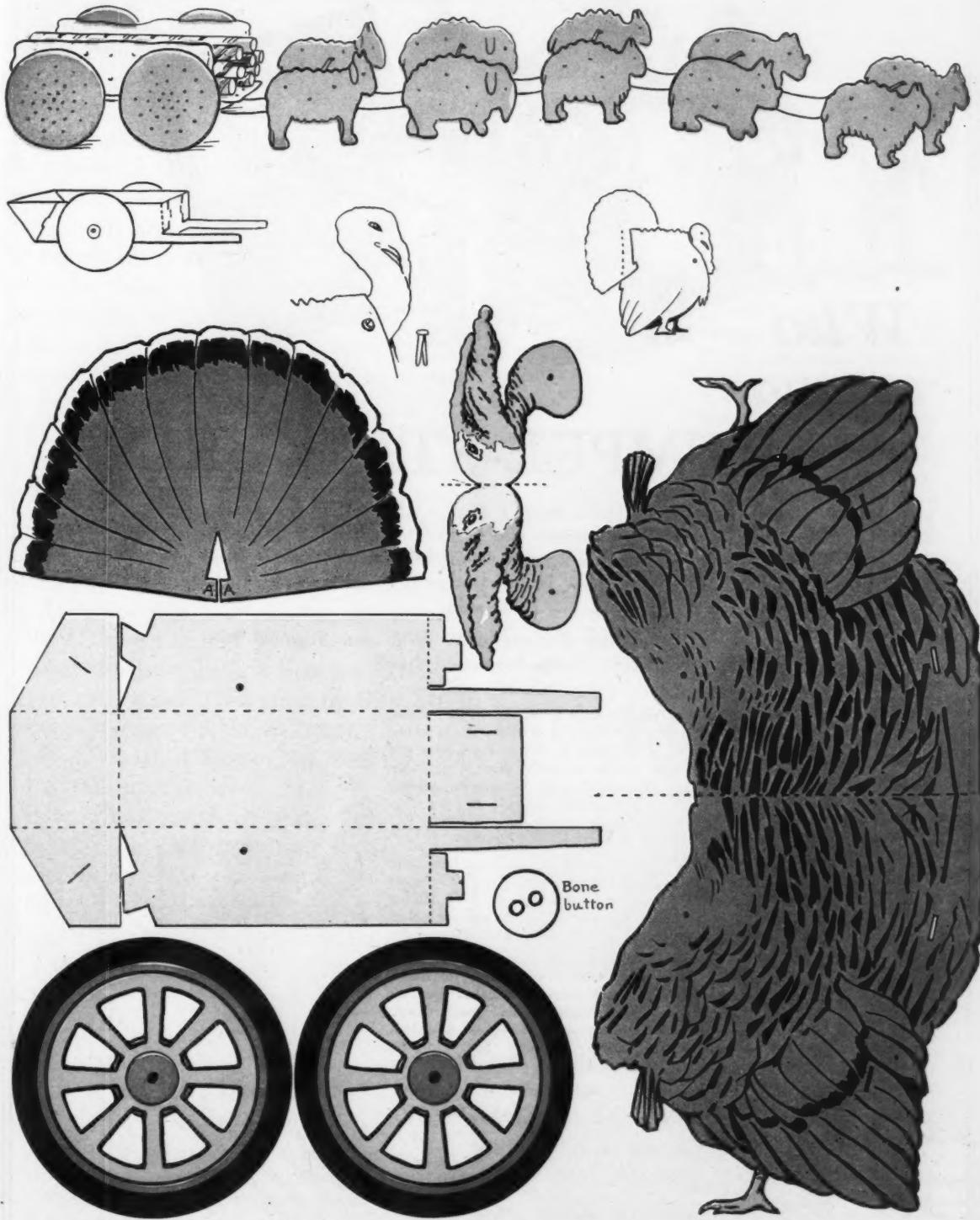
paper and then either whipping it together or fagotting it, using a little lace edge for the finish. Then you will have a pair of delightful collars and cuffs, just like the French peasants make of such beautiful old pieces and bits of embroidery. Use two-toned ribbon about two inches wide, tying in two bows on each side. If desired, a monogram may be embroidered in the corner of the blouse with silk floss to match the ribbon.

Both patterns come in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years and are 20 cents each.

Miss Valentine is always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Magazine, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

# GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

By Elinor d'Albert



## DIRECTIONS

THE drawing at the top of the page is not a cut-out. It is a cracker wagon, with four round crackers for wheels, and two broom straws or toothpicks for axles. The bottom and sides of the wagon are made of long narrow crackers, and the wagon is filled with stick candy. The animal crackers are in pairs, and are held together with broom straws and a small gold cord. The small sketch shows how to fold the gobbler's cart. After putting the tabs through the slits bend them back to make the cart firm. Mount the cart and gobbler on an old magazine cover, and the wheels on heavier paper.

Use a burnt match for the axle, and ordinary bone buttons such as are used on children's waists for hubs. Before putting on the gobbler's head and tail, put a pin through the dots for his head, and carefully cut the slit in each wing to hold the wagon shafts; also the long slit which holds the tail tabs marked AA. The head should be folded and pasted together, and may be fastened with a string joint, made by knots tied closely and cut as shown, or by using a small metal shank. Fill the gobbler's cart with pop corn, nuts and raisins, corn candy, or orange drops, which will look like pumpkins.



## Who was RUMPEL-STILT-SKIN?

THE king sent for the miller's beautiful daughter and locked her with her spinning-wheel in a great room half full of straw. "If all this straw is not spun into gold by morning you shall . . .!" he said.

What did she do? Who was Rumpel-Stilt-Skin? What happened then?

In *Once Upon a Time—a book of Old-time Fairy Tales*, published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, is found the answer. Here is a classic to charm the hearts and minds of little ones. It is superbly printed in large, readable type and illustrated with beautifully colored pictures.

### Heart's Delight Series

Other RAND McNALLY books for children from four to eight are: *The Aesop for Children*, *The Peter Patter Book*, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, and the *Real Mother Goose*. You are sure to approve of them in subject matter and style. Look at them in BOOKSTORES everywhere.

SEND FOR THE GUIDE FOR SELECTION. Our little catalog, *Books for Children and Guide for Selection*, contains more than 150 titles, and makes easy the choosing of proper books for any age and temperament. It is so small, it can fit into your hand-bag—so complete, it can serve as a guide in your shopping. It is yours for the asking. Use the coupon, or write, if you prefer.

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**  
Publishers of *Child Life*  
CHICAGO



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Children and Guide for Selection.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Books for  
Selection.

## BASEBALL-FOOTBALL HANDICAP

(Continued from page 751)

and haven't had time to rake up all the dead leaves and clean the yard. Will you agree to do it for me if you lose?"

Without a dissenting voice, the boys and girls agreed to accept the penalty of failure. It was agreed that the side winning five races first would be the victor. Toppo gave the signal, and the race was on. To the amazement of the boys, the girls threw accurately and caught without fumbling, and there were two boys waiting for forward passes when every member of Carol's team was jubilantly across the goal line. The girls won the second race, and they won the third race, and needed but two more to win when a bad throw of Mary Emily's went over the head of the waiting catcher, and the boys scored their first victory. But the next two games were won by the girls and the final score was 5 to 1. It was when the boys were nearly finished paying for their loss, and they did a good job, that Bert woke up.

"Say," he exclaimed, going up to Toppo. "I'll bet this isn't the first time the girls ever played that game. Where were they after school yesterday, I'd like to know?"

"Well," laughed Toppo, "perhaps the girls had a little practice, too."

"Gee whiz," exploded Jack, "that's just what they did yesterday, and I guess they handed us something, all right."

"Well, I hope it doesn't dampen your enthusiasm as a yard cleaner," laughed Toppo.

"Oh, we'll do it," said Bert, "but wait until next time!"



## THE PILGRIMS

KITTY PARSONS

THE Pilgrims were a worthy band,  
Who came across the sea;  
Three hundred years ago to make  
A home for you and me.  
They landed first on Plymouth Rock  
In Massachusetts Bay,  
And that is why we celebrate  
Upon Thanksgiving Day.

## Not Just Toys—But First Class Playing Clubs



THE golf champions of fifteen years hence—your son or daughter perhaps—are today in their teens or less. But before

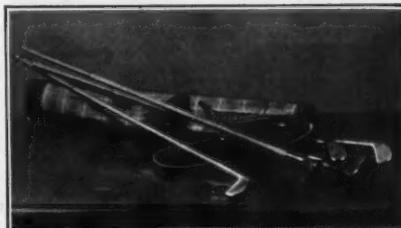
they "arrive" at the peak, their youthful muscles must be co-ordinated "golfwise;" their brains must be taught to direct their brawn.

Burke has prepared children sets of clubs made as carefully as the regular Burke clubs. Designed after special study, shafted in finest hickory and turned with expert skill, they present to you the opportunity to get for your children the wisest kind of gift.

*Limited production makes early Christmas buying necessary. Write direct if you cannot get Burke sets at your dealers.*

BURKE GOLF COMPANY, Newark, Ohio

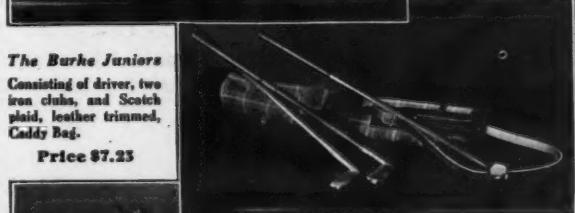
GRAND PRIZE  
**BURKE**  
CLUBS-BAGS-BALLS



*The Burke Juveniles*

Three clubs, driver, mid-iron, and putter, and beautiful leather trimmed Scotch plaid Caddy Bag. Brassie and Mashie can be furnished extra, at additional cost.

Price \$9.00



*The Burke Juniors*

Consisting of driver, two iron clubs, and Scotch plaid, leather trimmed, Caddy Bag.

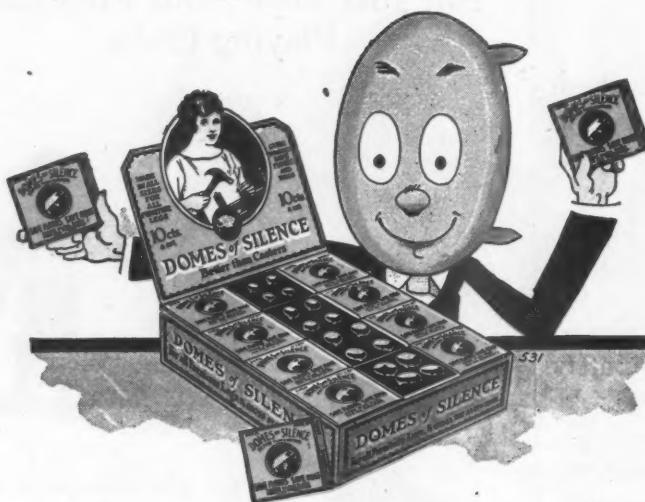
Price \$7.25



*The Burke Midgets*

For the little ones, from three to five years of age. Set consists of three clubs, and Scotch plaid Caddy Bag.

Price \$5.50



## Saves Mother's Rugs, Floors and Furniture

I let children romp all day without any damage to mother's fine furniture, rugs and floors. Mother knows when you push furniture around the room I am always on guard. Look for me for I am the perfect furniture foot-wear.

You can find me.

You will find me on all kinds of furniture because leading manufacturers say I am the perfect foot-wear for furniture.

### DOMES of SILENCE

*"Better than Casters"*

Made of highly polished frictionless steel, thus insuring long wear and easy gliding qualities whether on heavy or light-weight pieces. Simple in construction. Will not get out of order—easily attached with a few taps of a hammer.

Look for the Orange and Blue display box. For sale at the better hardware and department stores. Price 10 cents per set of four DOMES of SILENCE.

MADE IN SIX SIZES SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE



Extra Heavy  
Size—1 1/8 in.



5/8 in.



3/4 in.



1/2 in.



5/16 in.



3/8 in.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. No. 995758 which will be strictly enforced



#### CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

#### THANKSGIVING

WE thank thee, Lord,  
The pilgrims said many years  
ago.  
We did thy rules the best we could,  
You made our corn crops grow.

We love you all the more, dear  
Lord,  
Because you heard our prayer,  
You made our plants grow bright  
and green,  
Their fragrance filled the air.

The fruit is in.  
The corn in bin.  
And peace and gladness reign,  
Through all this land so wonderful,  
Of hill and vale and plain.

By JEAN HOCH  
Age 8 years Marion, Kans.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you a picture of  
my little sisters and myself.



Our names are Betty, Ann and  
Jeanne Dodd.

We are enjoying CHILD LIFE  
very much.

Yours truly,

BETTY DODD

Age 9 years Mena, Ark.

My Dear Miss Waldo:

I WANT to tell you how I love  
CHILD LIFE. I would like to  
become a Joy Giver, and I mean  
to go by its motto.

PHEBE ANN CLARKE  
Age 8 years Manchester, Vt.

#### LITTLE FLOWER IN THE POT

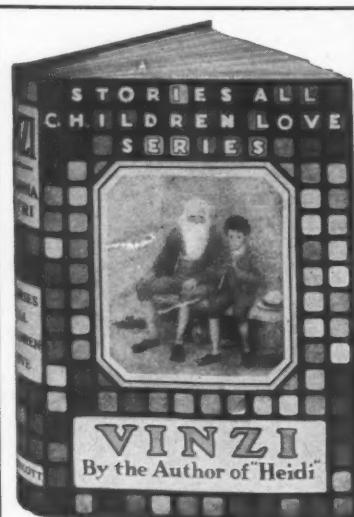
LITTLE flower in the pot  
I hope you will grow  
Though the wintry winds blow.

DUNCEITH BECKETT  
Age 6 years Chicago, Ill.

#### HOW CHILD LIFE WAS CREATED

THERE was once a snow fairy,  
who was teaching some chil-  
dren how to make snowflakes.  
She said, "The one who makes the  
best snowflake shall have as a  
prize the magazine, CHILD LIFE.  
They all made such nice ones and  
she was so pleased that she gave  
them each one a magazine and sent  
them to earth with them.

VERONA BLISS  
Age 9 years Chehalis, Wash.



**Your Children Should  
have the Best  
Give them—**

## The Stories All Children Love Series

"Should be in every child's room."

—Wisconsin Library Bulletin.

Beautifully bound, print and paper excellent, illustrations in color of just the fairy atmosphere to charm the imagination of the child. Each \$1.50. *At All Bookstores.*

**VINZI** — — — *By Johanna Spyri*  
This is the new volume for 1923.—A truly delightful story by the author of *Heidi*—the tale of a little Swiss boy who loved music better than anything else.

**HEIDI** — — — *Spyri*  
**MAZLI** — — — *Spyri*  
**CORNELLI** — — — *Spyri*  
**A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES** — — — *Stevenson*  
**THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE AND OTHER STORIES** — — — *Mulock*  
**GULLIVER'S TRAVELS** — — — *Swift*  
**THE WATER BABIES** — — — *Kingsley*  
**PINOCCHIO** — — — *Collodi*  
**ROBINSON CRUSOE** — — — *Defoe*  
**THE CUCKOO CLOCK** — — — *Molesworth*  
**THE PRINCESS AND GOBLIN** — — — *MacDonald*  
**THE PRINCESS AND THE CURDIE** — — — *MacDonald*  
**AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND** — — — *MacDonald*  
**A DOG OF FLANDERS** — — — *"Ouida"*  
**BIMBI** — — — *"Ouida"*  
**MOPSA, THE FAIRY** — — — *Ingelow*  
**THE CHRONICLES OF FAIRYLAND** — — — *Hume*  
**HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES**  
**THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON**

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Please send me an illustrated circular of the Stories All Children Love.

Name.....

Address.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

I HAVE read CHILD LIFE and have found it very interesting. I have read the stories and poems which other children have made up and thought I would make up one myself.

## ARMISTICE DAY

THE soldiers gave their heart and hand  
To the flag and their native land.  
Let us salute them with three loud cheers  
And remember through the years  
The strength and union of their valiant band,  
Giving their lives for their native land.

DOROTHY PITKIN  
Age 10 years Akron, Ohio.

## THE WOODS

THE woods is not a frightful place  
Where bears and lions run around,  
But just a little, happy place  
Where squirrels can sleep, safe and sound.

FLOYDA NEEDHAM  
Age 7 years New London, Conn.

## THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

I AM a turkey. I live in a barnyard. My master is a miller. I feed on grain. My home is in a pen. I have to stay in there, for I can't get out. Today I heard the miller's son coming out with some food for me. He kept me eating all the time to fatten me up because he wanted to have me for his Thanksgiving dinner. Then I would have to die and be eaten.

I was not going to do this so I ran away the night before Thanksgiving, when the miller forgot to close my pen up tight. The next morning the miller was very angry when he did not find me in my pen. He had to have duck instead of turkey for dinner. I was not sorry for I was safe in the woods.

JOHN C. DECKER  
Age 7 years Williamsport, Pa.

**Dr. West's  
TOOTH BRUSH**

*Jiny Tooth Brush  
Drill*



I take my Tiny Tooth Brush  
—Just like this.



And put some paste upon it  
—Just like this.



Then my mouth I open wide  
And with my brush reach  
clear inside  
—From this small brush no food can hide.



Then up and down I brush  
just right  
Until my teeth are clean and white,  
And then I smile with all my might  
—Just like this.



Dr. West's Tooth Brush  
is recommended by the  
family dentist. A small  
brush that fits the teeth.  
Children like to use it.

*In Three Sizes  
At All Good Dealers*

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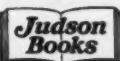
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"Beautiful Joe" was rescued and owned by the author's family, and the entire charming story is founded on fact. This is a dog story that will never die or grow old. New Gift-book edition. Illustrated.

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### THE FAIRIES

LOVELY little fairies

In their softest gowns,  
Made of lacy spider-webs  
And dainty thistledown.

When the moon is shining  
Softly tip-toe 'round,  
Singing songs of happiness,  
Oh, 'tis a lovely sound!

Chanting darling lullabies  
And cunning little rimes,  
Listening with delight  
To the bluebells' chimes,

Rolling away rocks  
That were crushing flowers,  
Making useful every minute  
Of the night-time hours.

At the queen's signal  
They quickly stopped their play,  
And returned to Fairyland  
The first moment of day.

BARBARA SALES

Age 9 years Butte, Mont.

### MR. SNOWMAN

I AM a snow man. Before I was made I was a mere hill of snow. My parents, as I am going to call them, are a chubby girl and a small boy. They are each five years old.

One day Jack looked out of the window and to his delight saw a hill of snow in his back yard. He called Jane who soon followed. They decided to make a snow man. First they carefully molded me into the shape of a man. Then they ran to the coal box and pulled out four pieces of coal. I wondered what they were going to do, but I soon found out that these were to be my eyes, nose and mouth.

Jane went into the house and returned with an old coat of her daddy's. She put this on me and you may imagine how fine I felt.

This is the end of my story. I feel that terrible sun coming, so I can't write any more.

MOLLY BROWN

Age 7 years Ripon, Calif.



### McCutcheon's CHILDREN'S HANDKERCHIEFS of PURE LINEN

SINCE its founding, in 1855, McCutcheon's has been known as "The Greatest Treasure House of Linens in America." Its prestige in the field of Linens is unquestioned. The following Linen Handkerchief Specials are typical of McCutcheon quality and value. And, furthermore, they are sure to please "The Little Folks."



The handkerchiefs illustrated above are of excellent Linen and are embroidered in bright colors with quaint little animals and play-scenes. In assorted figures. 15c each and \$1.80 the dozen.

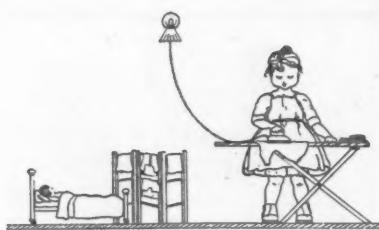


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### Mail Orders

Your order by mail will receive the same individual painstaking attention that you would receive were you to visit the Linen Store in person.

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## Dolly's Winter Wardrobe Should Be Pressed with

*The Midget*



### Toy Electric Iron

Now that the cold autumn days are here, there are many things to do to get Dolly's winter wardrobe in order. The little velvet dresses and coats must be steamed and pressed so that they will look like new. And the MIDGET Electric Iron is a most important factor in helping those Little Mothers to put Dolly's clothes in good condition.

Tell mother "The MIDGET Electric Iron is just what I want," or say "Oh! daddy buy me one so I can iron all my Dolly's clothes. It weighs just  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds so that it is just the size for me to have. Even the smallest Little Mothers can use it without making their arms tired."

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We will gladly send a MIDGET Electric Iron to your little girl on five days' approval. If she is not delighted with it, we will cheerfully refund your money.

**NORTHERN ELECTRIC CO.**  
2835 N. Western Ave., Chicago

**FILL OUT AND MAIL**

**NORTHERN ELECTRIC CO.**  
Dept. CL-N, 2835 N. Western Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen:

Please mail a MIDGET Toy Electric Iron to my daughter whose name and address appear below. If I do not care to keep the iron, I will return it to you within five days, and you are to refund the \$3.00 which I am enclosing.

My daughter's name is.....  
Our street number is.....  
City.....State.....

### WHAT MAMMA PLAYED

I OFTEN wonder how they played  
When Mamma was a child.  
I many times have asked her this.  
But then she only smiled!

I know there was no auto  
Or moving picture show.  
But I guess that they had *dollies*  
Even *that* long ago.

SUZANNE MULGREW  
Age 9 years Dubuque, Iowa

Dear Miss Waldo:  
I GET your lovely CHILD LIFE  
and can hardly wait for each  
magazine to come. I am sending  
in a poem for you to publish.

### FALL

THE leaves are turning red and  
brown  
And from the trees are falling down.

I hated to see the summer go,  
But I'll have fun in the lovely snow.

Long is each night and short is each  
day.

In summer it's quite the other way.  
WILDA LOUISE MIESSNER  
Age 9 years Milwaukee, Wis.

### MAGIC VELVET

I KNOW a family without a  
house. There are five chil-  
dren, richly gowned, and they all  
crowd around an old woman. Listen,  
and I will tell you what they  
say.

"Oh, give us some money to buy  
us some new clothes."

"I will give you something bet-  
ter," said she. Then she whispered  
to the sun, "Tell the raindrops to  
come."

Then the sun told the moon and  
the moon told the clouds, and the  
clouds whispered to the raindrops,  
"Come!"

And they came, bringing a shower  
of spring, until the garments of the  
children looked like new.

Who is this magic family? Why,  
the pansy, of course.

MALCOLM WHITE  
Age 8 years. Elmwood, Mass.

## Hello Andy Gump!



HERE'S Andy Gump in  
good old 348, ready for  
a merry Christmas with the  
kids. Andy, himself, just  
as you see him in the papers  
performing his side-splitting  
antics. Here he is for every  
kid—ready to do  
new stunts all day long, to  
create more laughs and  
make more fun for everybody.

And while you're getting  
Andy, get the rest of the  
Arcade cast-iron toys for  
the youngsters. How they'll  
love the Yellow Cab—just  
like the big one it's every  
kid's ambition to ride in;  
the Ford Sedan to go to the  
nursery grocery store with;  
and the dandy Fordson  
Tractor to do the heavy  
hauling for every play-  
builder and play-farmer.



These toys are made of  
good, solid cast iron, strong  
and rugged. Painted in  
attractive colors. They're  
built to stand the man-handling  
only a kid could give  
them. No clockwork or  
springs. You know what  
that means—no "Daddy fix."

Andy Gump and his mates  
will give your kids a rolling,  
jolly Christmas. They'll set them laughing  
and shouting and whooping. Put  
them down on your shopping  
list to-day, and look for them in the toy  
and department stores.

**ARCADE**  
MANUFACTURING CO.  
Freeport, Illinois

"Makers of cast-iron toys  
and hardware for 40 years."



## She Wanted Independence

Miss Mayme Eads of Ohio wanted to be independent. She wanted to feel that no matter what came she could support herself.

CHILD LIFE'S part time plan made it possible for her to work whenever she could in spare time and she earned

### \$55.20 In One Month

Miss Eads knows that when necessary she can earn much more—that this interesting work with interesting people will always provide additional funds.

Like Mayme Eads, you, too, can earn

### More Money

when you want it. We need more part time representatives in your territory right away. For full details

—Mail this Coupon today—

Rand McNally & Company  
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Gentlemen: I am interested in a dignified plan which will pay me liberally for spare time. Please tell me all about it without obligation to me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

My dear Miss Waldo:

I THINK CHILD LIFE is a grand magazine. I would like to be a member of the Joy Givers Club. I am sending in a short poem which I hope will be published.

### FALL

DEAR little leaves, all red and brown,  
Falling softly to the ground.  
All the squirrels are out to play.  
Acorns are falling every day.

JANET KNATVOLD

Albert Lea, Minn.  
Age 10½ years

Dear Miss Waldo:

I'M SENDING you a small poem which I have composed. I read CHILD LIFE and like it very much. I would like to know more about the Joy Givers' Club. We have an Airedale dog and we call him Jerry. He is almost human. He is a very good watch dog.

### JERRY

I HAVE a dog and his name is Jerry.  
When I hitch him to the sled he is always wary.  
You should see him chase the boys around,  
And you'll hear them say, "Oh, drat that hound!"

ROBERT WENDT

Age 9 years Adams, Wis.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY CHILD LIFE very much. I have a cousin who is a Joy Giver and I would like to be one too. I am sending a poem I made up when I was nine.

### AUTUMN

THE leaves are red and yellow,  
They're falling from the trees,  
They're coming down in hundreds  
With every little breeze.

And now the snow is falling.

It's coming very fast.

Oh, what will keep the poor trees warm?

Why, the snow, if it will last.

RUTH E. BENTLEY

Age 12 years

## A New Auto Krib for Baby



KUMFY AUTO KRIB is the only Auto Krib which can be used in a closed car and on front seat. No screw-eyes or any disfiguring of car.

Baby is safe and comfortable when riding in a Kumfy Auto Krib with Mother driving the car. There is no danger of injuring the delicate spinal structure, for Baby rides lengthwise with the motion of the auto, on a pillow which is placed in the krib.

The Kumfy Auto Krib is durably made of the best quality Khaki on a strong steel frame with a leather cross strap. It is made in two sizes, 30" long for Fords and small cars, price, \$4.75; 32" long for larger cars, \$5.00, delivered east of the Rocky Mountains in the U.S. Add 50¢ Rockies or west; add \$2.75 for Canada.

Your money will gladly be refunded less return charges, if you are not entirely satisfied with this carrier after receiving it.

KUMFY KAB CO. LaPorte Indiana

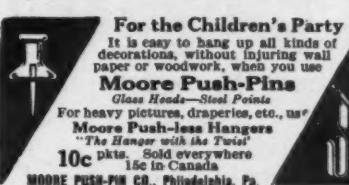
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This Cover Fastener Prevents It



All night long—in spite of rolling and tossing—your child will be secure from drafts and cold if you fasten the covers in place with Universal Cover Fasteners. Simple to attach. Will not damage bed clothing. Elastic bands allow freedom of movement and it cannot scratch or injure the child. For sale in children's and notion departments and baby stores. OR SEND \$1.00 TO—

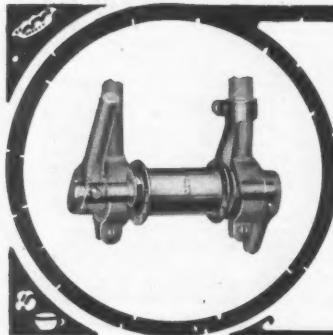
Universal Cover Fastener Co.  
Dept. A. 125 East 23rd Street, New York City





A PIECE of leather, rods  
of steel.  
With spokes and tires,  
that's a wheel.  
But those unthinking bits  
of things.  
Make something that's  
alive with wings.  
It takes you out where  
breezes are  
In field and meadow, near  
and far.

It pumps you full of pep  
and vim  
And keeps you in the fittest  
trim.  
And when you ride with all  
your might  
You'd have a splendid ap-  
petite.  
But on that wheel, for  
safety's sake  
The NEW DEPARTURE  
JUNIOR BRAKE.



Reprinted by permission from John Martin's Book, *The Child's Magazine*

#### NEW DEPARTURE JUNIOR for CHILDREN'S VELOCIPEDES

THE coordination of thought and body begins at a very early age. The velocipede affords a splendid means of aiding this faculty. The sense of balance, of direction, of control, all find splendid development in riding a velocipede. And since the introduction of the NEW DEPARTURE JUNIOR COASTER BRAKE, it has added the quality of safety which parents were waiting for. Give the children velocipedes as soon as they are able to reach the pedals, and you will marvel at the instinctive way in which they acquire control. The mastery they feel is a stimulant to self-reliance and keeps them in the open with the most healthful exercise in the world.

When buying, be sure to look for the NEW DEPARTURE Brake on the front wheel. That is your guarantee.

Manufactured by  
THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., Bristol, Conn.

## Wrong Guess!

## Puzzle For Parents!

### Find In This Advertisement The Triangle Which is Labeled "COUPON"

Oh, yes, there's a prize. To the child of every parent who locates the coupon, fills it out properly, and attaches a money order or check for \$3.00 will be sent a whole year of the kind of happiness found in this issue of Child Life.

Can you admit that you are not as clever as the other parents who will send in *their* coupons? Can you face your child in later years and shamefacedly say you couldn't solve this puzzle? No! No! Not that!

All right! Here's your chance to prove that your child has been blessed with a brainy parent.

FIND THE COUPON. Remember there is a string attached to it—a string that will drag into your home twelve months of CHILD LIFE happiness.

## CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*

538 S. Clark St.  
CHICAGO

Not this one!

Send Mailbox & Coupon, Chicago  
Send Child Life & Coupon, Chicago  
Child's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Your Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## THE FAIR

I'VE BEEN to see the fair,  
And I rode on the merry-go-  
round;  
I went up on the Ferris wheel there;  
And the parachute man came down.

GOULD JOHNSON

Age 4½ years Warren, Minn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I THOUGHT I would write to you and tell you how much I love CHILD LIFE magazine. I read it from cover to cover and can hardly wait for the next one. After I have read all of the pages, I give it to my little friends and they won't give it up because they like it too well. Sometimes when I am reading it, one of the girls comes and reads it with me; that shows how well we like it. Well, I will close with love. I remain, your new friend,

CHARLOTTE WEINGARDEN

Children's Hospital,  
Age 9 years Farmington, Mich.

Dear Miss Waldo.

I LOVE CHILD LIFE Magazine, and I can hardly wait from month to month to get it. I would like to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club; so I have written a little story.

## ELIZABETH IN FAIRYLAND

ELIZABETH was reading some fairy tales when a fairy danced upon her lap and said, "Come, little girl, and have some fun!" They traveled in a beautiful carriage through the air until they came to Fairyland. The fairy took Elizabeth through a gate where there was a golden statue. A lovely fairy, the queen, was sitting at the far end of the room. The fairies danced and sang, and then the carriage drove up. But Elizabeth, instead of getting into the carriage, woke up and was in her own little bed.

JUEL DAY KENNEY

Age 11 years New Albany, Ind.

## BUGVILLE'S HARVEST HOME COMING

THE big bugs, little bugs and all the other bugs, worms and little folks of Bugville Village were all excitement just because they had heard that all their landowners in the near-by farms were going to hold a Harvest Home picnic and fireworks. Why should they be left out? A meeting of the leading bugs was held and Mayor Harry Hoptoad made a grand speech. All the bugs decided they would show the tyrant landlords that while they were away at their doings at the village park, Bugville would have a better picnic on the clearing in Jones' woods near the village gardens.

Oh joy the day arrived, and there was such a procession to the grounds from all the neighboring farms! There were the potato bug families, the angleworms, the grasshoppers, the cabbage worms, old Daddy-long-legs and his grandchildren, the lightning bugs and all the rest.

After the picnic lunch was over all who wanted to joined in the parade along beside the fallen tree, and all the others took seats on top of it. Prizes were given for the bug that was funniest, for the one with the largest family and for others who did various things. The cabbage worm family was just green with jealousy as it did not get the prize it wanted. And wasn't it scandalous—one of the daddy-long-legs had too much corn juice and mixed the parade up for a time because his many legs ran in every direction at once.

The parade broke up and all the young bugs and little buggies made a dash for a long smooth rock and the rest watched the fun. My, what a parade up the sides and what a lot of them could slide down at once! Pete Potato Bug hugged on tight to Betsy Beatle, Billy Bullfrog went flying behind Tilly Toad. And Reddy Aunt fell over into the lap of Barbara Blackant. The most fun was when they all shouted for a race between Mayor Harry Hoptoad and Billy Bullfrog, the sheriff. The two village officials

# Flexible Flyer

"The Sled That Steers"



Look for this trade mark on every genuine Flexible Flyer



S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.  
PHILADELPHIA

THE SPEED-KING of the hillside—the envy of all eyes—the winner of every race, is the fellow with the Flexible Flyer.

Graceful, strong, good-looking—sure, easy steering—grooved runners. Get a Flexible Flyer for Christmas.



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A Toy

MAGI-GRAPH is far more than a mere toy. It not only delights and happily occupies the child but teaches him accuracy in drawing as well—an educational toy of exceptional value to every child.

The MAGI-GRAPH Co.  
4 White St., New York, N.Y.

## MAGI-GRAPH!

An Ideal Xmas Gift  
What is it?

A new "something-to-do" toy—one that enchants and amuses for hours at a time. MAGI-GRAPH accurately and simply reproduces pictures for coloring. Magic reproducing pencil, complete set of pictures and paints in every box. Then too, the magic pencil can easily copy any picture from storybooks, magazines, etc. It will not wear out. Directions easy to follow.

### Our Special Offer

We send it direct from our factory to you. That accounts for its remarkably low price of \$1.00. \$1.25 west of the Mississippi.



Mail  
This  
Coupon  
To-Day

I am enclosing \$1.00 for a MAGI-GRAPH. If I am not entirely satisfied after inspecting the toy I can return it to you and you will promptly refund my money. Send it to

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



## The New Way To Wear Dress Shields

IT is no longer necessary to go through the tedious task of *sewing in* Dress Shields.

The Climax Slip-Over Shield and Brassiere is the easiest piece of apparel to don.

Just slip it over the head. It stays in place, and you have the most efficient shield and brassiere all in one.

Nothing to sew, tie, pin, button or hook.

Thousands of women have learned the convenience and merit of the Climax slip-over Shield and Brassiere. Order one today from any good dry goods store, or send direct to us stating the name of your favorite dealer.

Sizes up to 46 bust measure 85c  
Sizes 48 to 50 bust measure \$1.00

**Climax Specialty Co., St. Louis, Mo.**  
Manufacturers of the famous  
**CLIMAX SLIP-ON BABY PANTS**

**Climax** TRADE MARK **Slip-Over**  
**Shield and Brassiere**

did not want to run but the crowd laughed and said, "We will not vote for you again if you don't!" Well, they started and they were so heavy and the slide so slippery that they went just a-whizzing. Billy Bullfrog won because the mayor got so dizzy he rolled over and over down the slide. "Come on—do it again!" the bugs cried all together. When the mayor got his senses back he cried, "Never again—I'm dizzy." "Oh, you've got cold feet!" hissed the garden snake. Mayor Harry Hoptoad answered back, "I could not have cold feet because the slide made them red hot!"

After the races on the slide, some of the little bugs and bees and other six-footed friends had a great time swinging on vines and playing ball. The older folks sat in groups and spun yarns about their daily work in destroying the garden crops of their mean old landlords or owners of the gardens where they lived.

Horrors! what was that commotion? A dark shadow—was it a cloud of rain? No, it wabbled! Just then the watchmen or pickets on the outskirts of the grove gave the warning cry as the shadow of a boy giant approached walking across the lot. Oh, the horrible danger of being stepped on. The bug families scattered in all directions. A shout of joy arose as the Bugville's bumblebee aeroplane patrol arose as one man and circling towards the giant, stung him good and hard.

"Ouch, ouch, Oh, Mamma," were the cries that came through the air as the boy giant ran home. Then what a shout of thanks the bugs let out as the squadron of bees alighted! The mayor made them a speech of thanks and promised them a public reception later.

Now it was getting very dark and most of the little ones were so sleepy that their eyes hurt, but the older ones would not miss the fireworks. First the glowworms gave a torchlight parade and then the lightning bugs cut all sorts of fiery capers in the air—they circled and made figure-eights and fancy tail spins. How the bugs cried out the "Oh's and "Ah's" and "Isn't it grand?" Then the mayor called

## Gifts for Children

### The Ideal Gift

TEENIE POLLYANNA "You Sew It" Doll Clothes and Doll. Educational and Interesting. Teaches the children to sew.



**POLLYANNA COMPANY**  
1120 W. 35th Street,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$..... for which

kindly send me.....

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

**POLLYANNA CO.**

*Manufacturers of*  
Ready to Make, "You Sew It" Kiddies and Dolls Clothes, Sewing Sets, Ready Made Doll Clothes, Mama Dolls, Sand Filling Toys, Animals, Floating Toys, Soft, Novelty and Character Dolls.

1120-22 W. 35th St.  
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

out, "Good-night!" The boy and girl bugs said, "I don't want to go home." And the older ones said "Best day ever! Hurrah for Bugville. There's nothing like our Harvest Home!"

GENEVIEVE ETHEL HILLOER  
Age 8 years Evanston, Ill.

## OLD JIM CROW

OLD Jim Crow, in his coat of black,  
Sat on a branch one day.  
Along came a boy whose name was Jack  
And frightened the bird away.

ROBERT MEYER  
Age 8 years Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LOVE the CHILD LIFE Magazine and my favorite things are the Joy Givers' Club and everything else in the whole magazine.

I hope you will print my letter, as you have the others.

I think it is lots of fun checking up on all the books I have read from "Our Book Friends." I think that the drawings in CHILD LIFE are just lovely. I have never seen a magazine for children with such interesting stories, cut outs, and poems as CHILD LIFE.

I can hardly wait till next month to find out what Katherine and her grandpa find in the little trunk.

I am enclosing a little poem about the hills in California. I hope you will like it.

## THE PAISLEY HILLS

THE hills with stones like Paisley shawls  
Stand in the broad daylight,  
And when the sun shines on them,  
Their beauty's a delight.

Here splashes of the Paisley red  
There, a dip of golden hue,  
And over on the farther side  
There is some midnight blue.

I see a streak of apple green  
On this hill's Paisley side  
And under satin upturned rocks  
The dull bronze shadows hide.

Love from your friend,  
MARION KLEIN

Bald Eagle Lake, Minn.

Age 11 years

**Patrick**  
DULUTH  
MACKINAWS

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MARY LUKAS  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

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HARRIETT HARVISS  
Age 8 years Kansas City, Kan.

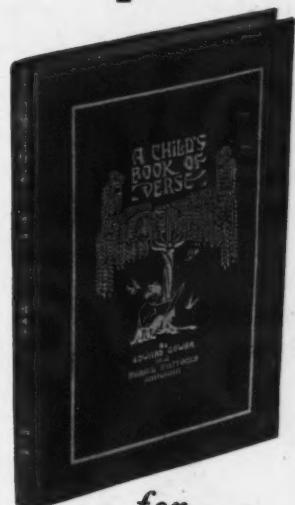
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